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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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THE LIBRARY TAX.

READERS of the MIRROR in St. Louis must not fail to vote for the library tax. The amendment must be adopted or the city will not receive Mr. Carnegie's million dollar gift. This is not a proposition to increase the tax on the public. The amendment only provides for increasing the amount of the tax apportioned to the library. Vote for the library tax. Vote "Yes."

50 RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

PARAPHRASED FROM LITERAL TRANSLATIONS.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

(Copyrighted 1901.)

O TATTERED robe, and face with loving pale,
Pass me not by: I am the Nightingale
That dares to sing of Riot and the Rose;
And, Brother, I would give thee hand and hail.

But, sinner, there's one thing I want to hear:
O tell me—is your sinning quite sincere?
You would not leave it, even though you could?
Say that you would not, O my brother dear.

Remember, all the pious who cry shame,
With holy horror, on your tattered fame,
Watch only for the opportunity
Of turned backs and the dark to do the same.

Let us at least who think the Rose is best
Not, paltry, lie about it, like the rest;
But lift our glasses frankly in the sun,
And take our loves as frankly to our breast.

This is the creed of Omar: I believe
In Wine and Roses, also I believe
In Woman—(what a foolish thing to do!)
And in the God that made them I believe.

O dearer than the soul that gives me breath,
Dearer than life, as the old proverb saith,—
Nay, that is but a sorry compliment:
For thou, my love, art dearer even than death.

My days are filled with wonder and with wine,—
Wine helps the wonder, wonder helps the wine—
But in the night my bosom fills with tears,
Tears, tears, for one who never can be mine.

Even sad eyes must sparkle in the sun,
But, when the miracle of day is done,
Down in a bankrupt darkness deep I lie,
Haunted by all I lost—and might have won!

Yet was there aught to win that is not mine?
I ask not money—only to buy wine:
Women forsake me not, for all my sins—
What better winnings, pious friend, are thine?

I am not fit for hell,—I am too small;
For heaven I am too heretical;
I love both places, yet not one enough:
Twixt the two stools I fall—and fall—and fall.

God gave me eyesight—shall I rob my eyes?
He gave me smell—instead of merchandise—
Members and senses delicate to feed:
Who bids me starve them God himself denies.

Yea! none shall tell that I have turned away,
Ungrateful, when some woman bid me stay;
The golden invitation of a friend
I answered ever with a thankful "yea."

Think not that I have never tried your way
To heaven, you who pray and fast and pray;
Once I denied myself both love and wine,
Yea, wine and love—for a whole summer day.

I cannot help it. Were it in my power,
I would forsake my sins this very hour,
Forswear the Rose, and bid the Vine goodbye,
Kiss my last kiss—if it were in my power!

O good old friends—what is it I have said?
It was the wine that got into my head—
Forgive me, O forgive, I meant it not.
I shall forsake you only when I'm dead.

And even then—who knows?—we'll meet again,
Nor the celestial wine-cup cease to drain,
And in some laughter-loving heaven on high
Our little women to our bosoms strain.

When to this loot of life I come anear,
Hoping to snatch some little worldly gear,
I find the fools have carted off the best,
And nought is left for me, but—hope and fear.

If thou wilt keep my head well filled with wine,
I care not if the whole round world be thine;
O fading kingdoms and forgotten kings,
I know a better kingdom—drink red wine.

Within the tavern each man is a king,
Wine is the slave that brings him—anything;
O friend, be wise in time and join our band,
Drink and forget and laugh and dance and sing.

I wonder why I go on living still
This life of pain and poison, why I still
Trust friends, hope good, still fight and still have faith
In this world's business—still; think of it,—still!

I gave my heart, and life returns me nought;
My mind, my soul, I gave—for what? For nought.
All dreams and loves and hopes I freely gave;
Nothing is left to give. I give it: Nought.

You say: "There are so many crowns to win,
Yet you lie sunken in your sleepy sin!"
Bring me a crown of gold and big enough,
And I will wear it—all these are of tin.

Whether you would abide or go away,
Wine will befriend you, friend; for, if you stay,
You'll forget going; and, if you must go,
He'll drown you in the very sweetest way.

Some that would leave this world take dreadful means,
One wrenching poisons, one steel, another leans
His brow on sudden fire; but wine is best—
Poets have died so, and many kings and queens.

Wine is the tender friend of suicides,
You drown so softly in its gentle tides;
You know not you are dying, yet you die,
And love with rose-leaves all the ruin hides.

Would you forget a woman—drink red wine;
Would you remember her—then drink red wine;
Is your heart breaking just to see her face?
Gaze deep within this mirror—of red wine.

Face like a glass wherein all heaven lies,
A firmament reflected in two eyes;
Thanks to your heaven, I am deep in hell,
The shadow of your laughter is my sighs.

My cheeks, like hollow cups, are filled with tears;
My body is a haunted house of fears;
My heart is like a wine-jar filled with blood;
O God! those sightless eyes, those small, deaf ears.

A sheik once took a harlot in her shame,
Calling the poor soul many an ugly name;
" 'Tis true," she wept, "all I appear I am;
But, sheik, of thee would I could say the same!"

O speak not evil of these dancing flowers,
These girls that arrogantly we call ours,—
Yours, mine, and anyone's who bids and buys—
O God! the pity of the fate of flowers!

The Mirror

Girl, have you any thought what your eyes mean?
You must have stolen them from some dead queen.
O little, empty laughing soul that sings
And dances—tell me *what* do your eyes mean?

And all this body of ivory and myrrh,
O guard it with some little love and care—
Know your own wonder, worship it with me,
See how I fall before it deep in prayer.

How sad to be a woman,—not to know
Aught of the glory of this breast of snow,
All unconcerned to comb this mighty hair;
To be a woman—and yet never know!

Were I a woman, I would all day long
Sing my own beauty in some holy song,
Bend low before it, hushed and half afraid,
And say "I am a woman" all day long.

O love, I come to worship in your shrine,
There is no part of you is not divine.
There is no part of you not human, too,
There is no part of you that is not mine—

Except—except—that heart of precious stone,
Cold heart no man shall ever call his own,
Nor fire warm, nor might of loving win,
Heart great and cold enough to dwell alone.

Though my estate be poor, my raiment torn,
I am not really sorry I was born,
For God has given me my heart's desire—
Wine and the Well-Beloved and the Morn.

Sad pilgrim of the heart, the way is long,
Suppose we lighten it for you with a song:
Here in the tavern rest your wandering feet,
Strong is your love, but wine is just as strong.

We know the love that drives you too and fro,
Like hungry dogs that through the city go,
The hollow hunger of the breaking heart,
And the one cure for it, alike we know.

Saki, bring roses for this sad one's hair,
And set a bowl of rubies for him there;
And you, O moon, dance, dance, and dance and dance
That the poor fellow may not think of her.

Life is too short, dear brother, to be sad;
If you must needs be anything—be glad;
Leave bitter books and read the Book of Joy—
I know that some declare the book is bad.

To all of us the thought of heaven is dear—
Why not be sure of it, and make it here!
No doubt there is a heaven yonder, too,
But 'tis so far away, and—you are near.

A Book, a Woman, and a Flask of Wine;
The three make heaven—for me; it may be, thine
Is some sour place of singing, cold and bare—
But then I never said thy heaven was mine.

Love, the fair day is drawing to its close,
The stars are rising and a soft wind blows,
The gates of heaven are opening in a dream—
The nightingale sings to the sleeping rose.

Shadows and dew and silence and the stars;
I wonder, love, what is behind those bars
Of twinkling silver,—is there aught behind?—
Venus and Jupiter, Sirius and Mars,

Aldebaran, and the soft Pleiades,
Orion ploughing the ethereal seas—
Which are the stars, my love, and which your eyes?
And O the nightingale in yonder trees!

Heart of my heart, in such an hour as this
The cup of life brims all too full of bliss,
See, it runs over in these happy tears—
How strange you seem! how solemn is your kiss!

O love, if I should die before you died,
Would you be really sorry that I died?
And would you weep a whole week on my tomb,
Then be a little happy—that I died?

And would you see some face that looked like mine,
And love it, love—"because it looked like mine?"
And say: "How strangely like Khayyam you are!"
And kiss the face—so wonderfully like mine?

Then would you bring him softly where the rose
Showers its petals upon my repose,
And shed two tears together on my tomb,—
Strange are the ways of grief—who knows, who knows?



APOLYTIKION.

WINDING UP THE CAMPAIGN.

THIS is the last word the MIRROR can say before election day, next Tuesday, about the municipal political fight, and special endeavor is made for brevity of advice to the as yet undecided citizen.

All are agreed that reform of conditions is needed in this city. The conditions are due to bad Republicanism. Such Republicanism, hiding behind a respectable candidate, seeks another lease of power. The success of the Republican ticket means that none of the official makers of bad conditions will be turned out. Those who desire reform must, therefore, vote against the Republican ticket.

All are agreed that Ziegenheimism must be destroyed. Elect Mr. Parker, and Ziegenheim's friends remain in the offices to administer them in the same old way. Therefore, vote against Mr. Parker.

Do you believe in municipal ownership? Can you get it through the Republicans in the Council and House of Delegates who gave the streets, for a consideration to *themselves*, to the Street Railway Trust. The Republicans who sold the city streets to the Trust and *pocketed the proceeds* will all be on top, if Parker be elected. They are all supporting him. They are in favor of municipal ownership—if they are the owners. Therefore, vote against Parker and the Push.

Three years ago the citizens refused to pass Charter Amendments giving authority to expend \$20,000,000 on needed improvements in the city. The refusal was due to disinclination to let the Ziegenheim crowd handle the money. What folly, after knowing the crowd longer and seeing more of its incompetence and extravagance, to let it have both hands dabbling in the expenditure of about \$20,000,000 in connection with the World's Fair! Therefore, vote down the Republican ticket, made and supported by the Ziegenheim crowd.

A word as to the situation. Mr. Parker can't win. The Ziegenheim taint is on him, in the management of his campaign. The Republicans have only 9,000 majority, normally. The defection due to Ziegenheim's clowning; the defection due to Mr. Filley's Good Government movement; the defection due to the labor vote's dislike of the party that nominated Messrs. Pohlman and Klein last year, wipes out the Republican majority. The Republicans can't win without repudiating Ziegenheim. They can't win by doing so. Ziegenheim has made the party contemptible and absurd. There is a stampede from the party of Ziegenheim.

The race of Mr. Parker for the Mayoralty is utterly hopeless. Republicans can figure it out easily on the plain figures. Why should Republicans vote for Mr. Filley or Mr. Meriwether? Mr. Filley has attacked the National organization. Mr. Meriwether is dangerous. Mr. Meriwether's election, I mean, would be dangerous. All over the country he is thought to represent hatred of wealth, opposition to capital, sympathy with riot and disorder. True or not, that is the impression. Can this city afford to elect a man World's Fair Mayor, about whom such an opinion is generally held? Wouldn't it keep investors and exhibitors and visitors out of town? Wouldn't it be a deadener on the Fair? Would it not involve every Fair subscriber in loss and write "Failure" all over the city. Say Mr. Meriwether is right. Nevertheless, this is not the time for attempting to enforce things that frighten capital and threaten upheaval. We want a *business administration*. We want an administration that will furbish up the city generally, make it invitingly pleasant to the eye, develop opportunity for realizing on investment. We don't want an administration whose purposes seem to promise violence. We don't want a

man who thinks he can have the soc. a. and economic system of the town turned inside out "while you wait." Mr. Meriwether says he will have the city owning the street railways and lighting works in four years, if elected. How? By seizure, confiscation, fire or the guillotine? There is no other way. The properties must be bought and paid for, unless, of course, torch and guillotine are to supplant law.

As Mr. Parker, the Republican nominee, cannot possibly be elected, and as many Republicans cannot bring themselves to vote either for him or for Mr. Filley, or for a Democrat, there is danger that too many Republicans will vote for Mr. Meriwether. Republicans who believe in property-rights, in peace, in lawfulness, as opposed to passion and violence, who do not want the World's Fair endangered by a newsing abroad of the fact that a social revolutionist has been elected Mayor for the World's Fair period, should vote for Mr. Wells, the Democratic nominee. Mr. Parker cannot be elected. A too large defection to Meriwether from the Republican ranks would elect Meriwether. Elect Meriwether and the World's Fair is smothered. We may hold it, but no money will come, no improvements will be made. Republicans must see that the race is between Meriwether and Wells. Republicans must see that it is simple, common sense, sound business sense to rally to the support of Wells, since they can't get Mr. Parker.

Mr. Wells is not the creature of the Democratic gang. He was nominated in spite of the opposition of the Democratic machine. He is now a candidate opposed by that Running Sore of Language out at Lincoln, Neb. What Republican, hopeless before his own party's self-invited despair, can refuse to vote for a Democrat opposed by the Lincoln leaker? A vote for Mr. Wells is a vote against everything cognate to the heretical doctrines of the currency-crank. A vote for Mr. Wells is a vote against all the things dangerous that are associated in men's minds with the rabid, energetic demagoguery of men like Mr. Meriwether and the man from Lincoln.

The main strength of Mr. Meriwether just now comes from Nebraska. Talk about a Democratic police machine in this city. It is, at least, Missourian. What St. Louisan, Republican or Democrat, having the interest of the city at heart, having any civic pride, wants his town governed from little Lincoln, through deputy, by a man who never has done anything but talk? What loyal St. Louisan does not believe St. Louis can govern itself? What Democrat, devoted to Home Rule, will vote against the Mayoralty candidate made by the people of St. Louis, at the behest of a man who lives in Nebraska? What thinking man doesn't know that the Lincolnian opposition to Mr. Wells is due to the fact that Mr. Wells intends that reform shall proceed through reason and order, not through passion and anarchy?

Mr. Wells may have differed with his party. If so, he has made his peace, but, in any event, the party has nominated him, and has pledged himself and itself to lawful reformation of municipal affairs and good government. The party platform says nothing about National affairs. The sole issue is good government.

Developing the Apolytikion, or hymn of dismissal of this subject, the situation is just this: If Mr. Parker could win, it would be a Ziegenheim victory, retaining the Ziegenheim crowd in office. Mr. Parker can't win, because the party has been disgusted by Ziegenheim. If Mr. Meriwether should win on his Socialist programme as a result of Republican support, the city would suffer incalculable damage. Republicans, as friends of law, order and prosperity, should therefore vote for Mr. Wells—to defeat Mr. Meriwether. Republican enemies of gang-rule can safely vote for Mr. Wells, for the whole Democratic gang cannot move him to do anything but his own will. Rolla Wells will be Mayor. He will be a business Mayor. He will insist on official decency. He will stand for the exact opposite of every extreme thing represented by both Ziegenheim and Meriwether.

Reputable Republicans, honest and unfanatical social reformers, friends of the World's Fair, believers that experimenting with theories can be postponed safely, until the city at large has had time to improve the opportunity now offered to shake off its torpid lethargy—the lay of the land is this: Ziegenheimism kills Parker. Will you take Meriwether with his possibilities of ruin? Or will you take Wells, the conservative, the man under whom we all can realize something from the general opportunity in the

World's Fair? Silver Democrats, devotees of Regularity, will you bolt Wells for being a bolter in the past, to support Meriwether who was a bolter in 1897 and is a bolter now? Will you vote for Mr. Meriwether and thus give Ziegenhein his only chance of vindication? Meriwether elected Ziegenhein in 1897.

Wells and the Wells ticket should be supported by every one who doesn't want government by Ziegenhein, government from Nebraska, government under a gospel through which there seems to run a fugue, "property is theft." It is not a question of politics. It is now a question of saving the World's Fair from failure, of saving business, of saving the city. Ziegenhein or Meriwether means corruption or confiscation.

Mr. Wells is the safe man, the sound man, the sane man, the sober-minded man, the straight man, the strong man, the man whose election need frighten no one at home or abroad, unless it be the languajagster of Lincoln.

William Marion Reedy.

MAUDE ADAMS.

AN IMPRESSIONIST PICTURE OF HER EAGLET.

HERE is a woman of the stage whose every movement, glance, tone, smile, or tear, proclaims that woman is a thing for honor, not vile use. There is no suggestion of musk arising at mention of her name. There is no association of her in thought with creme-de-menthe or absinthe.

The tragic touch is on her face, but it is not the tragedy of the fleshly passion, nor the worse tragedy of chill genius simulating passion. There is that in her face that makes you glad she is not a beauty. It is a yearning face, soft, pure, innocent, yet, of an unearthly sapiency withal. With some such face the Blessed Damozel might have looked out from heaven, the while the holy fervor in her breast "made the bar she leaned on warm." 'Tis a holy wistfulness is in her glance, and the tristfulness of her voice is of little children crying, lonely, lost in some daedal night. Her smile is full of a charm of sadness that is older than the world—the sadness of unfinished things, of foiled hopes, of vanished dreams. Just a shade here, there, on her lip or cheek, and the smile transmutes to tears. Just a hint of a tone here, there, in her laughter, and it is the cry of youth whose soul is torn out with its illusions and trampled on by Fact and Fate. Is she playful—it is with a melancholy undertone. In I know not what manner, this woman,—perhaps I should call her girl—never fails to make me think of old roses, old songs, old landscapes, that I saw and knew under circumstances pleasant, but now sad in remembrance.

Something about her ever brings back to mind the fact that there is in life and in memory a "bitterness of things too sweet." There's an ancient atmosphere about her, as if she were some creature many million years young, joyous while endeavoring to hide some wondrous secret. Her simplicity is so rare and fine that you scarce can help feeling that she is untrammelled by even original sin. The pathetic note about her is the same thing we feel when we see a little white hearse go glimmering by. Youth and eld are strangely intimated in her glance. She is a child—and yet the antique flavor is in her childishness, as if she had somehow come down to us untouched, untainted by time from some wide, wild, open, woodland place of the classical world, wherein one walking might easier meet a god or a goddess than a man or a woman. This feeling that you have before her, under her spell, is an eerie one, but not unpleasant; not more so, in any event, than is the emotion that arises at remembrance of especially delectable days in one's own vanished youth. I care not whether she be in one of her histrionic flights—always there is that quaint suggestion of her intimate relationship to something young, and sweet and pure, a great while since, a long, long time ago. This personal charm is all pervasive. It is child-like, and yet so worldly-wise and worldly-weary. It is essentially spiritual—a quality I recollect never to have felt

or observed in any other woman of the footlights. She reminds you of the woman you love—and of that woman as you most love to think of her,—as a little girl, though with, too, her later womanly charms.

This isn't genius—say you? Well, what is genius, anyhow? Whatever it be, Maude Adams lifts you out of your work-a-day self into your better self, makes you forget and remember and dream and live in a hidden, inner world of romance. Rostand's poetry falls as naturally from her lips as Shakespeare's from *Rosalind's* or *Imogen's*. As the *Duc de Reichstadt* she is as bewitchingly elf-like as in her impersonation of *Babbie*. There's a pagan freshness in her movements and words, a sincerity of abandon that is of the early world. And on her, mysteriously, is the doom of things too fair. In her indecision, in her passionateness of protest against her own weakness, in her anguished recognition of herself as a sacrifice immolated in expiation of glory, in that wild scene of the smashed mirror as in the unearthly vision on the field of Wagram, we find the primal emotions of the world bodied forth, paler and weaker than we find them, perhaps, in *Hamlet* or *Lear*, but as they well might express themselves in a boy whose great soul burned out his puny body. Over all the storm and stress lingers the beauty that the Great White Plague so often vouchsafes its victim. The glamour that coming death casts upon a fading world plays around all the tragedy. It is the assassination of youth by Fate, but tempered with whiffs of Parma violets, and the thunders of cannon translated into the humming of the imperial bees. The episode of the tryst—softly—it is as pure in her treatment as the old tale of *Aucassin* and *Nicolette*. The sense of a strange purification steals over one, as the boy advances to the ordained end. The drama suggests the clearness of eyes that have but recently known tears, the clearness of a summer day after an afternoon rain. And her voice carries unique tones, tones that might be in sorrow and anguish the wailings of those infants a span long which Jonathan Edwards was glad to think were multitudinous in hell—tones, again, that might be the joy of the trees and flowers in growing, or the murmur of streams of their joy of flowing.

The fire of her is the flame that burns in the autumn leaf—not fierce, but ineffably, warmly tender. It is a fire that seems to feed upon tears. It is a dream-fire, in some of its aspects. And the piteous ineffectiveness of the genius of the Eaglet! It is genius, but in the grasp of death. The very nobility of the aspiration is conveyed with a second intention of irony. The Adams *L'Aiglon* is as beautifully sad, as, let us say, the minor legends of the Arthurian cycle—and as far away. The remoteness of the Eaglet's dreams, the unworldliness that futilizes his ambition, the supreme idealization of his father and the angelic intent of his desire for a throne—all these things show the Adams Eaglet to be, as undoubtedly he is, a purely poetical conception. It is not real, not true. It is all a splendid, poetic vision. The real *Duc de Reichstadt* is not portrayed by Maud Adams, not a real boy even. What she gives us is *L'Aiglon*, the creature of Rostand's fancy in its most exalted mood of worshipful idealization of a mere scrap of story.

All the poetry of youth, all the poetry of the failure to make dream mate with deed, all the poetry of piteous legend twining around a mighty name, all the poetry of what Napoleon was filtered through Austria and Spain and the Escorial, all the poetry of the dynamic diluted by contemplative doubt, all the poetry of a child-of-fancy set in a colorful reproduction of great history—all this is Maud Adams' Eaglet.

It is great—great in its pureness, in its irony, in its flashes of flickering, failing fire, in its implied reproach of the great legend it glorifies, in its totality of impression upon us that all is vanity, and glory, perhaps, more vain than aught else.

Maude Adams is the Eaglet because she is of the spirit allied to the genius of Rostand. She is of the child-kind, and woman-kind, unsullied by the blasphemies of French artistry, in search of experience to enable inter-

pretation of passion. Maude Adams' art comes from her soul, not from bodily experience. She creates a world for herself, and it is a world beautiful with the beauty of the soul from which it springs. She is spring violets and droning bees and dreams and tender histories of motherless bairns. And so with the mother-heart of the girl, who is maternal without understanding her instinct, she enters into the heart and soul of *L'Aiglon* and lives him for us, in a few all too brief hours, just as that pale, piteous boy lives in the red-golden poetry of Rostand.

Pasquin.

AN IMPORTANT PLACE.

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

MORE important to the 575,000 people of St. Louis, in the coming election in this city, than any office to be filled, with the possible exception of Mayor, is that of President of the Board of Public Improvements. The man who holds that office must practically originate all important public work. He must be a person of scientific knowledge and tact in handling men. He must be upright and up-to-snuff. He must have large ideas, and, at the same time, have a grasp of details. Especially must the occupant of this office be a man of large, intellectual scope and deep-rooted moral strength during a World's Fair period. There will be enormous work to be undertaken. The city must be made anew. The World's Fair plans will have to meet with the Board's approval, and it will take a man of scope to lead the Board in the considering of such matters. The Democrats have on their ticket the best man of the many candidates—Mr. Hiram Phillips. Mr. Phillips has been condemned by the Washington University clique, but that should help him with the public. That clique has had too much sway in matters of engineering in this city, and it has acted as a close corporation all the time. There is nothing urged against Mr. Phillips except that he doesn't belong to the Washington University gang. He has a good record at the Missouri State University, and in the Government service in Colorado. He has superintended municipal work, such as comes under the supervision of the office for which he has been nominated, in a score of cities, large and small, in the West and there has been no complaint against him anywhere. Mr. Phillips' record is better in every way than that of his opponent on the Republican ticket, while the candidacy of McMath for reelection is a bit of sublime impudence. McMath is even more responsible than Ziegenhein for the plight of the city as to streets, sewers, alleys, lighting and all public works. The fight being made upon Phillips is an underhanded one. It is based mainly on ugly creedal lines that should not be drawn in politics. Laird, the Republican nominee, has City Hall connections. He was with the Water Department, and at time when there was some funny business in connection with the purchase of pumps for the Chain of Rocks plant. If it is a good cry to "turn the City Hall crowd out," it is hard to see how an excuse can be made by certain alleged solar walk Democrats to account for the effort to put Mr. Laird in. Hiram Phillips is the man for the place, and the place is, as has been said, the most important to be filled at the coming election, with the possible exception of the office of Mayor. A vote for Phillips is a right vote. His election will be good for the city and for the World's Fair and for the taxpayer. The so called Committee of Public Safety that has advised that Mr. Phillips be not voted for has given absolutely no reason for such advice. The Committee of Public Safety doesn't represent anything that anyone can discover, and as it operated through the medium of private detective bureaus to make up its alleged mind, its recommendations with regard to Mr. Phillips or anyone else amount to nothing more than might be expected from such sources.

Engineer.

THE SERVANT GIRL IN LITERATURE.

BY VANCE THOMPSON.

THE man of letters always exposes himself. Be he poet or novelist he has never been able to write a life that was not his own. Kipling is a *Stalky* grown tall and Bourget's snobs are only the pale reflects of his own snobbishness. Always the man of letters holds up the mirror, not to nature, but to himself. You and I read the average novel of the hour—this story of absurd heroics and that omelet of undigested history—and quite easily we picture for ourselves the flabby home life of the author, or the solitary dyspepsia of the authoress. It is so simple. The book gives us two sides of the triangle and the third obtrudes itself on us. When a woman writes a novel she confronts you with her aspirations; the man trails his past across your path.

Need I say that I have read the latest servant-girl novel? It is Octave Mirbeau's "Diary of a Chambermaid."

The book has made a noise in the world; the author is a clever fellow—one of these uncannily clever men, for whom fiction is a joyous and unwholesome sport; I read his novel because it was one of the things that had to be done.

(I asked Whistler the other day, whether he had read one of George Moore's novels, "famous" at this moment; "No—I think it'll blow over," he said; his eye-glass sparkled with far-seeing intelligence.)

Octave Mirbeau is a youngish man of forty who has three or four books to his credit and as many to his discredit. He belongs to that bright international crowd that is making, for the moment, international literature. In England it is represented by Israel Zangwill and Max Beer-bohm; in Germany by suaver sentimentalists; in France and Italy and Hungary, by young men whose talent is so brightly phosphorescent that one knows there must be decay at the root of it. Their brilliancy has all the hectic glory of rotting jelly-fish.

Always these bright young men follow the fashion of the hour; they are romantic or cynical—they are Catulle Mendes or Octave Mirbeau—according to the ascendancy of Hugo or Zola. It is not a great talent, this talent of assimilation, but it is the talent that may be turned to the best account. Indeed, it is from such a talent that we may receive, some day, the novel that absolutely reflects life. Think, then—Mirbeau, instead of holding up the mirror to Zola, might so easily shift the angle and hold it up to nature! He and many a brother of his.

And though in this, his latest novel, he has dragged us over the trail of Balzac and the Goncourt brothers, though he has been neither himself nor the servant girl whom he pretended to be, still he has written a number of pages that neither you nor I—being intelligent persons—can afford to neglect. Let us see.

In the first place, then, we will admit that Célestine, this *femme de chambre*, never existed. She is the result of Monsieur Mirbeau's reading—and Monsieur Mirbeau has read prodigiously; he has read Le Sage and all the picaresque authors; he has read Taine's analysis of "Joseph Andrews" and translations of Dickens and Thackeray; above all he knows by heart Goncourt's "Germinie Lacerteux," which George Moore rewrote into a longer novel and called "Esther Waters;" perhaps even he has conned Dostoevsky's curious study of the servant soul. And so he has given us a very comprehensive summary of what the men-of-letters, who have never been servant girls, know of the servant girl.

It is evident, then, that Mirbeau's reading has been extensive and peculiar. All that can be known at second hand of the servant soul he knows. Neither Jeames Yellowplush nor Sam Weller has any secrets for him. One of his incidents he has taken from Fielding and another has descended from Beaumont and Fletcher, by the long road of Taine and "Nana." And yet "Le Journal d'une Femme de Chambre" owes a great deal to its titular author. Time

and again Monsieur Mirbeau has collaborated adroitly with his literary recollection. Indeed the color of the book is all his own. There is a certain kind of man who is doomed—by education, temperament or race—to see everything in the stippled black and red of nastiness and crime. Dickens sinned against an optimistic blue; his lovers went about with adoration in their hearts and marriage licenses in their hands. To Thackeray's color-blind eyes came only a querulous grey. Meredith sees yellow. Mirbeau is the type of those who are blind to all colors save those of mud and blood. He cannot conceive of a Mary Ann who does not roll herself twice a week in some convenient garbage; a Jeames, the footman, who does not rob by day or do murder in the dark, is to him an unnatural person. In other words, he has raised the dreary process of Zolaism to its *nth* power. The result is plain: In the diary of Célestine he has held up the mirror, not to this capped and aproned domestic, but to his book-lore and his own habits of thought. It was inevitable; no matter how aloofly the novelist tries to write, his only ink-pot is his own skull.

Perhaps half of the success of the book is due to its dirt—that is to its author, for Monsieur Mirbeau thinks and writes on all fours, with his nose near the gutter. The other half of the book's success is to be accounted for by the fact that it echoes the cheap but popular anarchy of the hour, that anarchy which is at once absurd and pathetic in its sentimentality.

Read here, for instance:—

Célestine is a chambermaid in Monsieur Paul Bourget's house. She has read his books. She had dissected his studies of psychological Duchesses. It seems to her that she must have a soul—she, too. She serves his chocolate; then, courageously, she tells him of a grim peasant whom she loved in the black long ago, when she was younger.

"I don't bother myself with that sort of psychology," says Paul Bourget, "souls of that kind are too small for me."

Célestine fluffed off in a temper and went to Madame Bourget; she was going to announce her "eight days"—that is, "give notice;" but Madame Bourget spoke to her quietly and sweetly.

Of this scene Célestine writes in her diary: "That was all I needed—that she should talk to me as though I were like everyone, as though I were not on the edge of human life, like a monkey or a parrot. Her mere kindness made me feel like a little girl again. I forgot all my hate and anger and all my old bitterness—when she talked to me like that, as though I were a sister, I felt only love and humility. I wanted to kneel down."

This phrase is alluminative at once of Célestine and Mirbeau. The modern literary anarchist of the Mirbeau sort has attained—after so many generations of exile—merely the genuflective attitude of the Messiah he will not acknowledge. The gamut of his thought runs from picric acid to kind words. In the old version it was simpler—"Love one another" and "Compel them to come in!" Ah, *mes amis*, with how little originality the world is topsyturvy!

It is Nietzsche's theory that in every one who will serve, there is a slave's soul. Mirbeau iterates this thought in a curious and not uninteresting page. This dreary little Célestine has fallen in love with her master. He is a weakened boy, dying of consumption. Death is knocking at his ribs even when first she comes to serve him. She shifts his pillows. A great maternal tenderness sweeps over her—so sad it is, this half-grown man should die. He is so close to death that he wants to be petted.

"Don't call me Monsieur," he says, "call me Gaston—my own name."

"I dare not, I dare not," she cries.

"It is curious," he says, "you have always that soul of a slave."

In a little while he died; the poisoned blood came up and covered his lips with a sort of red, fatal foam; she stooped over and kissed that—it was only when he was

dead that she could forget that he was master and she was servant; then she risked death. The slave soul—

Octave Mirbeau has stolen from the dead German philosopher this theory: "He who serves has the serving soul—the soul of the lackey." Easily enough he might have carried this theory into the trist flunkeyism of politics and finance, but he left the word to Célestine, the chambermaid. May I translate for you her translation of Nietzsche? The thought may come home to you with new meaning.

Célestine says: "A servant is not a normal and social being. Passing from this master to that, as she does, she is made up of the odds and ends of life. She is a monstrous, human hybrid. She does not belong to the people—though she comes from them; she does not make part of those among whom her life is passed. She has lost the energy and virtue of the farm and gained only the vices of the big houses in the city. Always these two clash—the honest poverty in which she was born and the weakening infamy of her new life among the rich. To succeed she must sell her self-respect."

Afterwards Célestine says: "People pretend that slavery has been abolished. There is a jolly fake for you! What are the servants if they are not slaves? The worst of it is that they are moral slaves, because they learn to imitate all the vices of their masters and mistresses—all the hypocrisies and rogueries of the household. 'Madame is not at home,' 'Monsieur will call to-morrow'—all these lies to tradesmen and debtors are given as small change to the servant girl. She tells these lies, yes; what is her payment? Madame says right in front of me: 'That fool Célestine!' and Monsieur says, 'Well, what can you expect of servants?'"

Pauvre petite esclave!

But suppose the slave should ever rise. Such things have happened. They happened once in Rome and once they came to pass redly in France. Mirbeau has the answer ready to your hand. In the advice he gives, he is thinking, I fear, of Monsieur Paul Bourget, who treated this Célestine as though she were a monkey or a parrot—a creature on the outer rim of humanity—for he says:—

"It is extraordinary that servants do not avenge themselves on their masters oftener than they do. When I call to mind that a cook, for instance, might put into the soup a pinch of arsenic instead of salt—a drop of strychnine instead of vinegar—it seems to me that all servants must be born to servitude."

To-day we are all of us a trifle too much obsessed with Equalitarian theories. We feel—not quite so savagely, it may be, as Mirbeau—that there is something wrong when a certain part of the population is set aside for the dreary needs of flunkeyism and servitude. We should like to see the mouldy man come up out of the sewer and take the air of the parks. We would approve the momentary *chasse-croise*, which sent Mary Ann to the ball-room and the mistress to the scullery. It would add to the gaiety of life. But I fear all this hangs dim in the future. Neither the pinch of arsenic nor the drop of strychnine will bring it to pass, even were it in the psychology of the servant to make use of them. There may be an exceptional Célestine who feels the momentary ignominy of service, who revolts at daily commands and the need of daily humiliation, but I doubt it. Those who have it in them to be servants see nothing abnormal in service. It is as natural for them to serve as it is for a dog to go on all-fours; their only moments of distress are those when, out of a job, they have to think for themselves and follow their own impulses. Victor Hugo, who had sentimental tendencies, used to brood over the sad lot of the fellow who swept the street in front of his house.

"It is not right," he used to say, "that I should be sitting here snugly, by the fire, writing verses, while he toils there in the cold. He ought to have his chance at the fire-place and the study. And yet," he added on a notable occasion, "I can't seem to picture myself sweeping a street." Now for the other man the picture of himself,

broom in hand, was, I believe, natural and not repugnant. Anyway here is the subject for a novelist. Monsieur Mirbeau has not even scratched it, busy as he was telling dirty stories and preaching international revolution. For any adequate treatment of the problem we shall have, I fancy, to go to the woman novelist; and she, in order to write the book, should have three qualifications.

I: She must have been a servant.

II: She must have had a soul too great to make beds.

III: She must never have read Fielding or Goncourt or Moore and must not be able to make literature.

It is from this exceptional person that we will get our first—and doubtless our last—account of the soul of the servant.



THE LAUREL AND THE SWORD.

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN.

THE clever gentleman who has been called the "merry Andrew Lang," but who is not so merry now as formerly—age and the near rushing of the river having somewhat undulcified that erstwhile joyous spirit—has just dashed off, with his usual facility, a survey and judgment of the literature of the Nineteenth Age. Readable and provocative and entertaining it surely is, for the hand that wrote the "Letters to Dead Authors" has not lost its cunning, nor the charming literary style its wonted *agacerie*. But the awards and strictures of Mr. Lang are not less to be challenged than of yore,—nay, they are more to be combated, since age has brought to the charmer an unpleasant dogmatism. Mr. Lang could not, did not, persuade all of us when his humor was of its mellowest and the glamour of youth, that most potent aid to heresy, wrought in his favor its own illusion: shall he fare better now when the Jester, in spite of himself, takes on the bitter note of Ecclesiastes?



This literary "survey," which Mr. Lang did to order for an American newspaper, is as full of provocation as an egg is of meat. The present writer must content himself with a note upon the *cause célèbre* of Byron, to the shade of whom Mr. Lang (while he was yet the merry Andrew) addressed one of the most charming of the "Letters" in the rollicking measure of "Don Juan."

In his latest disparagement of the greatest English poet of the last century, Mr. Lang is only harking back to his "old lunes." The modern school of English literary criticism has found in Byron its greatest stumbling block. Since the passing of Matthew Arnold, there has been perhaps no oracular voice in English literary criticism; but the voice of Andrew Lang, if not oracular, has at least been raised with persistency. I do not say that Mr. Lang has been only

Magna compellans voce cuculum;

for it has been often a sweet voice and one that the world has listened to with a high degree of pleasure. Now Matthew Arnold, singularly eclectic and exclusive as he was in his literary judgments, dealt more satisfactorily with Byron than does Mr. Lang. For, though Arnold's exquisite culture and sense of form were revolted by the noble lord's crying sins against pure artistry, yet he appreciated justly the immense importance of Byron as a force in literature; and, with much enlightening criticism, he did not attempt to degrade the author of "Childe Harold" from his lofty rank. Indeed Matthew Arnold reckoned Byron, as a literary power, next in order to Shakespeare and Milton—the established European verdict has long awarded him the second place.

Mr. Lang is not better founded in his classics or his prosody than was Matthew Arnold, but he is ambitious, at least, of seeming to have more courage than the latter, for he actually proposes to unhorse the *Childe* at this late day. So have we read that once

A falcon tow'ring in her pride o' place
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

Yet the bold Andrew's courage is, after all, of a strongly marked Scotch variety—he will get some other

reckless body to lead the way and take the first burden of cursing. And thus he does it:

"Byron," says Mr. Saintsbury (*sic*) "seems to me a poet distinctly of the second class, and not even of the best kind of second, inasmuch as his greatness is derived chiefly from a sort of parody, a sort of imitation of the qualities of the first. His verse is to the greatest poetry what melodrama is to tragedy, what plaster is to marble, what pinchbeck is to gold."

The Saintsbury thus quoted is a respectable plodder, who has written a great many volumes of criticism upon literature that might have been suffered to speak for itself. One of his critical achievements was to brand Dickens with the charge of vulgarity for daring to write a true "History of England." Mr. Lang holds identical views as to Dickens. *Arcades ambo!*

Having thus pushed another before him in the breach, the canny Scotchman finds heart to say:

"Such, however unpopular they may be, are my own candid sentiments, for though from childhood I could, and did, read all our great poets with pleasure, it was not with the kind of pleasure which Byron in his satire and his declamation could occasionally give me."

Is not this a luminous confession? And how artful is the suggestion that from childhood the preternatural Andrew discriminated justly touching the poet about whom the rest of the world had gone wrong!

There can be no greater curse, in an artistic sense, than to be one part poet and three parts critic,—the equation of Andrew Lang. How differently a real poet would have felt, is made clear to us by the confession of Alfred Tennyson,—a dreaming boy of fifteen, when the news came of Byron's death:

"I thought that everything was over and finished for every one—that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone and carved 'Byron is dead!' into the sandstone."

We shall easily agree with Mr. Lang that Byron is (often) monotonous, that he is rhetorical, that his versification is (sometimes) incredibly bad, and that he is (sometimes) "more obscure, mainly by dint of hurry, bad printing and bad grammar, than Mr. Browning." All of which is true—as true as that Shakespeare is often prolix, tiresome, obscure; that his clowns are not infrequently the most insufferable nuisances ever put upon the stage, raising a hyperbolic idea of the stupidity of the Elizabethan audiences; that hundreds of pages preserved from oblivion by his better work are not of the slightest literary value; that in some of his historical dramas he reveals himself as a bloody, insular savage; that he was a wonderful genius by grace of God and a Briton through the misfortune of his birth.

But the blemishes upon Shakespeare do not blind us to his essential greatness, (though they were too much for Voltaire,) nor should the blemishes upon Byron have a like unhappy effect. Mr. Lang "cannot understand the furore which was so much the child of his title, his beauty, his recklessness and his studiously cultivated air of mystery." To one who was able to disparage Byron in short clothes the "furore" will, of course, present some difficulty; but for *nous autres* who, far removed from the spell of that splendid personality, still give thanks for the genius that aided so powerfully in the spread of the new and liberal gospel of humanity which ushered in the Nineteenth Age,—for us the fact is intelligible enough, but of infinitely less significance than Byron's share in striking the key-note of the new time.

What from this narrow being do we reap?—

Our senses narrow and our reason frail,
Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
And all things weighed in custom's falsest scale;
Opinion an omnipotence,—whose veil
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
And wrong are accidents,—and men grow pale
Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes and earth have too much light.

Byron's identification of himself with the world-spirit,

so dreadfully in travail at the dawn of the last century, even more than his poetical achievement, determines his greatness. For men are more than metres and the Prophet is greater than the Poet. But even with regard to his poetical achievement, I do not believe that the Langs and Saintsburies will ever be able to take a stone from that high column. There has been, for some time past, greater artifice in carving heads upon cherry-stones, and a surprising degree of metrical skill, which no one has better exemplified than Mr. Lang himself, in his fortunate and ingenious poetical conceits. In the natural order the granite-cutters are followed by the lapidaries and polishers; for there is much *biouterie* on the lower levels of Parnassus. But what poet since that evil day at Missolonghi—

Sad Missolonghi, sorrowing yet
O'er him, the noblest star of fame,
That e'er in life's young glory set—

has given the world such verse as the stanzas on Waterloo, the Storm in the Alps, the awakening of Chillon's prisoner, the Bridge of Sighs, with Venice, "throned on her hundred isles," the Gladiator "butchered to make a Roman holiday," the marmorean apostrophe to the Ocean, "the Isles of Greece,—nay, even the Wreck in 'Don Juan?'" Shall we rob poetry of its garland and memory of its richest treasures at the bidding of A. Lang?—

Phoebus! what a name
To fill the speaking trump of future fame!

Did not Byron write in his "Vision of Judgment" the best satirical poem in the English language,—so incomparably the best, in truth, that no poet of mark has since ventured to enter that field? Do you know of a better one, Mr. Lang? And what poem of the Nineteenth Century has more value as a human document than "Don Juan?" What poem has done so much to clear the air of the social cant and hypocrisy which it has been the century's chief mission to get rid of, but of which a vast deal yet remains in the world? I take up my Taine—an excellent critic, Mr. Lang—and I read:

"Beyond British cant, there is universal hypocrisy; beyond English pedantry, Byron wars against human roguery. . . . Never was seen in such a clear glass, the birth of a lively thought, the tumult of a great genius, the inner life of a genuine poet, always impassioned, inexhaustibly fertile and creative, in whom suddenly, successively bloomed all human emotions and ideas,—sad, gay, lofty, low, hustling one another, mutually impeded, like swarms of insects, that go on humming and feeding on flowers and in the mud. He may say what he will; willingly or unwillingly, we listen to him; let him leap from sublime to burlesque, we leap then with him. He has so much wit, so fresh a wit, so sudden, so biting, such a prodigality of knowledge, ideas, images, picked up from the four corners of the horizon, that we are captivated, transported beyond limits—we cannot dream of resisting."

The great French critic here speaks of "Don Juan," Byron's masterpiece, though an unequal poem, and the poet's most notable contribution to the gospel of human liberation. With the narrow prejudice and myopic perception of relations that have always marked the conservative school of English criticism, Mr. Lang would have us believe that the verselets of John Keats are of vastly more importance; and so he gives us the old patter about Byron's fame owing much to his rank and good looks and personal histrionics, and so on *ad nauseam*. Some *éclat* certainly came from these circumstances being conjoined to the possession of great genius; and that is all. At this late day it is astonishing that a critic of Mr. Lang's pretensions should raise the puerile question. The truth is, that the iconoclasts who aim their feeble missiles against Byron are in the insane condition of those who attempt a work despaired of by gods and reasonable men.

I shall not insult Mr. Lang, literary encyclopedia that he is, by asking him, ever so mildly, how it was that Lord Thurlow's rank failed to save him from utter damnation as a poetaster; nor shall I inquire where are the volumes of the Earl of Carlisle upon whom (though a relative) Byron

fleshed his maiden satire. Mr. Lang well knows that not a single literary pretender, lacking Horace's *ingeni benigna vena*, was ever snatched from oblivion by a fortune or a title. The names of a few such are indeed recalled with the sort of odium attaching to the person who made an indecorous noise in the Roman Senate.

The illustrious and impartial critic quoted above,—who, although a Frenchman, has written the only readable history of English literature,—has thus keenly and surely touched the spring of British resentment against Lord Byron:

"He is so great and so English that from him alone we shall learn more truths of his country and of his age than from all the rest together. His ideas were banned during his life; it has been attempted to depreciate his genius since his death. To this day English critics are unjust to him. He fought all his life against the society from which he came; and, during his life, as after his death, he suffered the pain of the resentment which he provoked and the repugnance to which he gave rise."

On the eve of his last fateful journey to Greece, Byron said that he had taken poetry for lack of better; that it was not his fit work, and that if he lived ten years more, they should see something else from him than verses.

"What is a poet? What is he worth? What does he do? He is a babler."

And, weary of his dreams, weary of the world's applause, sick of his unchallenged but impotent glory, he sought a change in heroic action and died, though with sword scarcely unsheathed, for Greece and freedom.

The great poet deceived himself. He had done his fit work in expressing the revolt of the spirit of his age against the prescriptions of caste and creed, and its aspiration for the ideal of a just democracy. For this his name will be held in immortal remembrance; this also is the better part of his poetic fame. Well might he have said in the language of another great poet, his own spiritual heir and disciple:

"I do not know if I shall have merited the placing of a laurel wreath upon my bier. I have never laid great store on the glory of poetical fame, and whether my song be praised or blamed, it matters little to me. But lay a sword on my coffin-lid, for I have been a steadfast soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity."

To Byron as to Heine, humanity accords both the laurel and the sword.

THE GREATEST ENGLISHMAN.

BY WILLIAM VINCENT BYARS.

"Se the Wille Anweald Agon."

"Whoso his mind's mood
Knoweth to master,
Glorious his greatness is,
His Kingdom vaster
Than if as lord of lands,
With all men obeying,
He held in a king's hands
Earth's sceptre for swaying."

(Paraphrased from King Alfred's Saxon Version of the Metres of Boethius.)

IT is true that God made man a Living Soul. Nothing else in the history of the world explains the fact that once every thousand years a Thinker comes on earth and changes the whole course of events for five thousand years thereafter. When he does come, (and after having come, does Think!) he puts to shame our scientific obscurities of "Heredity" and "Environment." He Thinks, and out of his thought a race is re-created, with a Soul inspired by his Soul, to overcome its mere hereditary kinship with the brutes—chief and worst among which is The Brute Man!

Such a Thinker may come at the climax of a splendid Civilization, but it rarely happens so. He becomes possible in only one way—through Self-possession and Self-realization! These, Civilization cannot produce, for it is itself their product—possible only through them as a manifesta-

tion of Soul, controlling matter, and through matter developing its own harmonies.

When it is said that man is made "in the image of God," it means that every man born is born to have as much of God's Omnipotence as he will use for God's purposes of love and helpfulness to every creature in heaven, earth and hell! To that much he is entitled, and no heredity, no environment can deprive him of a jot or tittle of it. Nor can any "advantages" of birth or breeding give him a jot or tittle more. That is the law of intellectual development which has governed the human race from the beginning of history—which must continue to govern it to the end of time.

It is quite simple as a theory of Civilization—this belief in a God who inspires the universe, and who seeks always to inspire every human Soul to express the Omnipotence of goodness through Thought.

To be able to Think is to express *pro tanto* God's Omnipotence. It is the process by which a Soul with God back of it begins to take hold of and control the material Universe.

Thought is not a matter of mere intellect. Intellectual men may never think at all. They may reason, reflect, meditate, and die, without ever having once gained Self-possession and focused their whole powers on any given point. When a man comes on earth who can do that and bear the strain of it for but one hour at a time, he brings into Time the forces of Eternity and we call him "One of the Immortals!"

We are right. He can never die, for he has become a Living Soul made in the Image of God.

II

"ALFRED THE GREAT!—AND WHY GREAT?"

Alfred he was in Enkelonde a king
Well swithe strong and lussum thing;
He was king and also clerk
Full well he lovede Godes work;
He was wise in his word,
And ware on his work.
He was the wisest man
Since the English folk began.

—Modernized from the Middle English.

On the 28th of October, 901—a thousand years ago this year, as Mr. Frederic Harrison has come from England to tell us.—Alfred the Great died, leaving the record of his life and immortality in a sentence:—"This I can truly say, that so long as I have lived I have *striven* to live worthily." "To strive," in Alfred's English, had not lost its connection with "strife." It means to try, as in battle. The Greek derivative which expresses the same meaning is "to agonize"—to strive as the wrestler strives at the Olympic games. Thus Alfred explains himself when we translate his Saxon English into Greek: "I can truly say that so long as I have lived I have agonized to live worthily."

This was the simple truth of his life. He "agonized" to live worthily, as the file leader in battle agonizes, holding his ground under deadly fire of which he is desperately afraid. This is the only way given under heaven by which such souls as Alfred's can energize the earth for a millennium after them. "Ah law (eala!) how narrow that gate and that way how anxious!" says the Anglo Saxon version, as Alfred read it.

What this meant to Alfred, we can guess when his biographer and contemporary, Asser, Bishop of Sherborne, shows him as a young man of violent passions, struggling with them for the mastery—with a consciousness of the infinite meaning of the struggle so clear that his earliest recorded prayer is that God should send him some affliction to break the force of the merely animal life in him and enable him to win self-control. He won his prayer and its object, as every man, who really means what he prays for, must. When he died, at fifty-three, he had long been sick almost to death with a slow disease, contracted in the

*It is purposed to celebrate the "Millennial Anniversary" of Alfred's reign.

marshes, where he hid, a fugitive, from the Danes whom his genius afterward subdued. If we had not seen John Bunyan, in later times, as a development of the same spirit, the meaning of such a life as this might be wholly unintelligible. But we can understand Alfred if we can comprehend Bunyan in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, with the air swarming with devils, besetting him on every side, but still unable to turn him from his course.

"Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens, sibi qui imperiosus;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis; et in se ipso totus, teres atque rotundus."

Who then is wise? He whose control
Makes him the savor of his soul;
Who poor, in exile or in chains,
Counts all earth's losses but life's gains.

"In se ipso totus!"—complete and self-centred!—this was the Stoic idea of the man who can go through hell rather than swerve from a right purpose. But it was not the idea of Alfred, or of his foster son in the spirit, Bunyan. What they sought in spite of hell and all the devils in it—with most of whom they were familiar—was to become complete as Living Souls through harmony and unity with the Living Soul of the Universe.

III

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

Alfred has been called the greatest of all Englishmen. He is the only Englishman who was ever called "The Great," and as it is something more than a possibility that he actually influenced the world more than any one else of his Saxon breed has ever done, we have been attempting to find how he became possible among fierce barbarians in one of the world's darkest centuries. If we have not found the answer, no answer is possible, for neither "heredity" nor "environment" nor any mere physical evolution, will explain the moral force he has exerted. He has only one parallel in history. David, who was educated as a shepherd, warrior, poet, outlawed politician and leader of "cranks," in the cave of Adullam, that he might give the impetus of his spirit to Jewish civilization, is, in most things, such a man as the Saxon Alfred—though often not so good a man and seldom or never so self-possessed and self-controlled as Alfred came to be. Like David, Alfred was the poet and prophet (vates) of his people. He was also their leader in politics and in war, their king and their friend, who, for their sakes, became a linguist, a philosopher, a soldier, a lawyer, a statesman, a historian and the framer of the first general scheme of popular education in the history of the world. We owe to Alfred, more than to any one who has lived in the last two centuries, the idea of the American public school system. It has been a slow and painful growth, forced into existence by the strength of his desire to create conditions under which every English child would be enabled to learn to read English.

In the year 849, when Alfred was born, at Wantage, in Berkshire, the civilization of Rome was completely broken. "The Anglo-Saxon race," of which we often hear in these times, consisted of discordant tribes of fierce savages, who, where they had apparently given up Odin and Thor, as they had done in England, had been "Christianized" *en masse* by a general order from their king. They had overthrown the civilization of the Celts in Britain and had almost done so in France. Charlemagne, himself one of the same strain, had fought one war after another with the Saxons of the Continent and finally had forced them to be baptized at wholesale, compelling them to give up their gods as a means of reconciling them to subjugation. At the time of Alfred's birth a new movement had begun and the Danes, blood-brothers of the Saxons, in ignorance and brutality as well as in hardihood, were swarming into England and France. It is worth remembering that while Alfred was fighting for the last relics of civilization in England, Rolla and his band of freebooters invaded France and became the ancestors of the Normans. The Northern tribes, includ-

ing the Saxons themselves, were robbers by instinct, subject to frequent attacks of ungovernable homicidal mania, under the impulse of which they invaded the territory of their neighbors, carrying such terror with fire and sword against the defenseless as, at the beginning of the Twentieth Century, the Allies have inspired in China.

Even in Alfred's time we see in operation the methods of "conversion" which have come into such favor in our own. Alfred himself had a weakness for baptizing his prisoners—as he did Guthrum, the Dane, and thirty of his chiefs, at Wedmore, where he himself stood sponsor that Guthrum would "renounce the devil and all his works." Another method of improving Danes, which found more favor with Saxons in general, has been applied in our own time to the North American Indians. We have not skinned them however, and nailed their hides to the Church doors, as was sometimes done in Saxon England. Into a country where civilization had almost wholly disappeared, Alfred was born, in an age when the unaccountable instincts of rapine and homicide, which are so strangely powerful in human nature, were unchecked. When he began fighting Danes, Alfred was such a slender and delicate youth as David was when he went out against Goliath. He was the youngest son of his mother, Osburgha, wife of Aethelwulf, king of the West Saxons. From his youth his infirmities were the secret of his strength. Early in his life we hear of his acute mental suffering because of a nervous disorder, which, in its climaxes, resembled epilepsy. No doubt it kept him closer to his mother than her more stalwart children, and from her he learned the rare accomplishment of reading. According to a well known and evidently authentic story told by Asser, his first lessons were from a book of Saxon poems his mother gave him as a prize for learning to read them. From boyhood he loved poetry and spent as much time in studying it as he could. Now fighting Danes, for the life of his people and of civilization, and now translating the metres of Boethius; now rising at daylight, under the pressure of pain or passion, to pray for strength, and now forcing himself to studies which his natural weakness and the infirmities due to exposure in war made painful to him; now paraphrasing Latin history for the education of his people and now sending out tracts for the inspiration of his ignorant bishops, his life suggests to us the scope of the beneficent activity possible for the man who has become "halig"—as we say, "holy"—a word which, if it had not become mere meaningless cant to us, might mean "cured" or "sane" in the sense of the "haleness" which belongs only to one who is restored to the actual use of his highest faculties.

The beginning of Alfred's education in books is accounted for by a mother's influence and by his visit to Rome, made during his father's lifetime. This, probably, gave him the taste for Latin he never lost. He did not gain with it, however, a knowledge of the great classics, but only of such minor writers as Boethius and Orosius. To know these in the England of the Ninth Century was to be highly educated, and Alfred was easily the most learned man in his kingdom. He translated from Latin into Saxon, Bede's "Ecclesiastical History" and "The Universal History" of Orosius. Gregory's "Pastoral Care" he also translated and distributed throughout the kingdom in the hope of educating his clergy, most of whom were almost as ignorant and barbarous as their congregations. The work he loved best was paraphrasing "The Consolations of Philosophy," and "Metres" of Boethius. The latter he turned into short, unrhymed alliterative staves, closely resembling those of the Norse Eddas and akin to the primitive staves out of which the Homeric hexameter grew into the most perfect of all metres. Alfred had a nice sense of moral beauty and he shows it in his paraphrases. An imitation of one of them, not more distant from his verse than he often is from his original, opens thus:

"Go now ye men of overmeasure—
Who get you gold and heap up treasure;—
And you who pay the price of power
With little lives that last an hour,
See how the sky above you bending
With starry spaces never ending,

Makes mock of you and all your striving.
Think not you in your lives are thriving
If you get gold and power and glory.
For they of old who live in story
Have gone the way that you are going.

* * * * *
The names of all who got them glory
Are but book letters in a story
Some scribe has written and who reads it
Little now he recks or heeds it.
Go now ye men of overmeasure
What shall avail your power and treasure?

The same purpose which governed him in paraphrasing Latin verse governed him as a compiler and codifier of laws. He is the author of the first formal English code in existence, and in compiling it he drew on the Mosaic law for such commandments as this, which he took from the Vulgate:

"Non sequeris tuam ad faciendum malum; nec in iudicio plurimorum acquiesces sententiae ut a vero devies." "Thou shalt not follow the crowd when it goes to do evil, nor shalt thou consent to the judgement of the majority when it would sway thee from the truth."

This does not say, nor could Alfred have understood it to mean, contempt of the majority of mankind. He loved them and thought them worth the sacrifice of his whole life—the persistent, painful expression of a great and un-resting soul almost dissolving a weak body in its effort to realize its beneficent purposes. He understood the law in its essence, and it is the only law by which immortal leaders of men are created out of the strength of the general soul of mankind. In spite of all the brutality of all the ages of the past and of all that is yet to be, the soul of the human race is swayed by divine purposes of progress which it cannot evade. With these Alfred sympathized so deeply that his life passed into and augmented the everlasting forces which compel the improvement of mankind. How this became possible we can never wholly understand, but we might not be able to imagine it all but for this sentence which he placed among the important laws necessary for the civilization he strove to create out of the barbarism around him—a barbarism so deep that "in it the human beast remains master." It is Taine who says this, in summing up Alfred's work as a civilizer. "In vain," he writes, "the great spirits of this age endeavor to link themselves to the relics of the old civilization. They rise almost alone, and in their death the rest are again enveloped in the mire. It is the human beast that remains master. Genius cannot find a place amid revolt and blood-thirstiness, gluttony and brute force."

This applies with full truth to the effect of Alfred's work as it appeared during his lifetime. He found his countrymen ferocious beasts and left them so. But they were beasts incarnating immortal human souls with possibilities as sublime as the stars. Out of their subconscious and unknown divine purposes come his strength; and flowing back into the general soul of the race, his work still endures, and it always will endure, to the end of time.



IV

THE IMMORTALITY OF CHARACTER.

We know more of Alfred's life than we do of the lives of Homer and Shakespeare, but at best it is but a fragmentary record of great labors undergone, dangers braved and sacrifices made. When we hear of him it is always in some act of self-renunciation or of the achievement which alone justifies the renunciation of self. We know of him that he was weak in health, with nerves almost too sensitive to be controlled, and with the same consuming fire of passion which made his generation one of brutality and his age one of darkness. We know that he had great intellect, but when his life is summed up, the original proposition recurs. He is unaccounted for and unaccountable except as a Living Soul—one of the few to whom life on earth has given in an approximation to its fulness the character and immortal value which is the birthright of all. The measure of the greatness of the greatest man who ever lived is but a suggestion of the possibilities of the lowest and most undeveloped. One man may be born in a king's palace;

another in a hovel; one in the darkest of the dark ages; another in the full light of the highest civilization; one may have a perfect physique, with all that heredity and environment can give; another may be an epileptic with a body barely and painfully held together by the soul in it; but in every case, in the long run, it is the soul alone which counts for "character"—for that which life "carves" upon the face of eternity. What the "long run" may be we do not know. The life of a thousand years is only the beginning of the immortality of such a soul as Alfred's. When he gained at his mother's knee the sense of the compelling charm in the harmonies of language as it expresses itself in poetry, he was learning the harmonies of the solar system and of the infinite universe of which the solar system is an infinitesimal part. When such a soul as his, educated as his was, leaves earth, who can measure its possibilities of infinitely increasing efficiency? He may have learned before this to make a planet fit for the sick souls of earth to rest in when they leave it convalescent with a certificate of discharge, attesting their restoration to sanity.

GOTHAM REVISITED.

BY PERCIVAL POLLARD.

THERE should be a law against those automatic copying pads. As evidence they are fully as dangerous as diaries. If you want to have the very deuce to pay, just use one, and then leave it lying about, or go the limit and lose it. For instance, here is a copy of a letter I picked up the other day. I can find no clue to the ownership. I see nothing private in it, and as both sender and receiver are undiscoverable, I know of nothing to keep me from sharing the thing with you. But it ought to be a lesson against these copying devices, just the same. The letter was dated at New York.

MY DEAR MARK:

I have about made up my mind to turn smuggler. No profession has ever appealed to me as does this one. Are you inclined to rebuke me for calling it a profession? Very well, call it an art. Whatever the name, it is an occupation that I begin to see no end of honesty in. Smugglers, as a class, must, I think, be the salt of the earth. If I find too many obstacles against turning smuggler myself, I shall at least, do what I can to place the smuggler, in fact and in fiction, more nearly where he belongs, with, let us say, revolutionists and reformers. Moonshiners, also, have been grossly libeled.

The truth is, that the United States government deserves nothing better than that the entire population should turn smugglers. If the government is anxious for anything like that, it is going the right way about it. New York, my dear Mark, must have bred hundreds of smugglers in the past two or three months. Every incoming ocean liner brings back good Americans who, law-abiding up to the hour of their landing, would now, if you asked them to, hail any smuggler's plot with delight. Briefly, New York has, at this moment, the most damnable customs regulations in the world, civilized and uncivilized.

You asked me, when I told you I was coming back to our native land for Easter, to let me know how little old New York was, and to give it your love. Well, I've delivered the love, so that's over; but hang me if I don't hate to tell you of the changes since we were here. To begin at the beginning, it's worth one's life to try and land at New York nowadays with more than a toothbrush. Indeed, seriously, I heard an inspector speak to an inoffensive second-class passenger on the *St. Louis* quite severely, because he had two cakes of soap in his bag. In the first place, not a lone friend may come near you, except on the other side of a rope stretched along the dock. I've not found out yet whether it is the incoming travelers or their friends who are supposed to be criminals and therefore fit to be caged in this way; perhaps it's both. Then, having already spent a weary hour on board your ship in signing a declaration of what dutiable things your trunks hold, you must stand in the frightful draft of those docks waiting the convenience of an inspector. And then look out! If you have two pairs of cuff-links instead of one, or two pairs of trousers to one suit, don't think the great government of

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the United States is going to let you enter its gates with any such extravagance, without making you pay for it! The scenes every day at the Cunard, the American and the White Star line wharves, really baffle description. Women and children, still faint from the effects of the voyage, are made to wait about for hours; are questioned and bullied as if they were burglars; and are, in fact, treated without courtesy or even decency. And this, if you please, because the Government has made up its mind that it has been cheated in the receipt of customs, and that stringent measures must be taken to prevent this. So the stringency, as usual, comes on the public, which in the general, with all its faults, is wishful to keep the laws, and has no desire to be underhand. There may be a few dressmakers and people of that sort who have profited heretofore, but the public at large cannot be expected to endure insults on their account. The present procedure is nothing less than an insult to the entire traveling public. Moreover, it is not the public, but the inspectors, who should be sternly dealt with by the government. It is for the corruptness of the petty officials in the Port of New York that the American people is now suffering. Because in other days the customs inspectors at New York were not only the most corrupt but the most rapacious scoundrels in our official life, our government, with the blind imbecility of most bureaucracies, has now instituted the very worst system in two hemispheres.

As you know, Mark, I have been round and about a little in the world. We have gone through many a *Gepaeck-Revision* together, many a *Zoll-Grenze* nuisance. The European customs are a pretty good way of teaching one geography, to say nothing of informing one of the existence of a number of little states one never heard of before. We have been through the mill together at Hamburg, where, once upon a time, you could enter all right, but had to be examined before leaving. That was a fairly severe examination, too. They used to shove iron rods into the bottom of your trunk and twist them around with about the same motion they make down at Fulton market when they are cleaning fish. But I give you my word, from Bulgaria to Belgium, from Lyons to Liverpool, Europe has nothing so absolutely brutal as the examination of baggage in New York. You are treated from the beginning as if you meant fraud. Courtesy and civility are with the sad sea waves; they are nowhere near West street, that much is sure.

Did I ever tell you of my first experience, a good many years ago, with the New York inspectors of custom? It is the memory of that little episode that fills me with such utter rage at the present state of affairs. It happened on that occasion that one of our family had died, in Europe, and we were bringing back a trunk or so filled with heirlooms. The customs regulations then made due allowance for heirlooms, and I signed my declaration with a clear conscience, stating everything quite plainly and truthfully. It was late in the afternoon, and our party was dog-tired, so I asked the inspector if he wouldn't please hasten, slipping half an English sovereign into his hand. It was for the courtesy of a little speed, and for nothing else. But he looked me coolly in the eye, surveyed the trunks, and said, "Oh, Mr. Blank, you've got far too many trunks for half a sovereign!" In other words he wished to be bribed, but it must be a sufficient bribe. You may imagine my disgust. This is an absolute fact. And it is this type of official for whose blackmailing rapacity the traveling public is now made to suffer.

Now do you see why I am tempted to turn smuggler? I give you my word, I am morally as certain as I am that I am writing to you that every incoming American, for the last couple of months, is at this moment willing to smuggle at the first opportunity. Let the government look to the beam in its own eye; its own officials are the really guilty ones, and if the traveling public at large had the courage of mice the Treasury Department would soon be informed of that fact. As things are now, the government hides under the pretense that no official protest has been made. That is the way of the covert protectors of criminality everywhere. In every town where lawlessness has full sway you will always find that the mayor or the chief of police vows he knows of no crime, and has had no official complaints.

Having told you this much you won't be surprised if I tell you that I found the docks on West street were not the only parts of New York that were somewhat wonderf. lly

regulated. It took me a day or so, of course, before I was comparatively clear of the necessary polite visits, cards, invitations, and the like. Then I began to look about for amusement and observation. I found that one of the periods of antagonism toward gambling was on the town. These are, of course, an old story to you. New York has an epidemic of this sort of thing ever so often. As you know, I was never averse to tilting with fortune a little. But, do what I would, I invariably came upon the closed door. "Gambling's off, see!" was my rebuff everywhere. I wasn't willing to go to the degradation of getting formal introductions whereby to be passed into the places where the wheel of fortune still spins secretly. So I made up my mind, with a somewhat selfish sigh, that our little old New York had really turned good. In this chastened mood I strolled, after lamplight, up Broadway, turning casually into Twenty-Ninth. How to describe that street to you, my dear man, to say nothing of some of its neighbors, is really going to be a problem, for I'm no great juggler with this none too elastic lingo of ours. They say these things better in France, perhaps, but my French!—Well, this entire street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue, is a riot of glittering lights and grinning women. The lights are over the sidewalk, the women on them. The lights spell out "Cairo," "Bohemia," "Savoy," "Haymarket," and similar legends. What the women spell is a less printable matter. Theirs is an ancient profession, and one in which there is violent competition; it has not yet, I believe, been syndicated. I have no quarrel with these poor creatures, except that they are unutterably revolting, unattractive and that they make virtue quite a relief. This profession has as many rights as gamblers, politicians, players, or any of the other purely selfish occupations. What I object to is that the New York authorities seem so determined I must not lose my money, but must, instead, lose my morals. I may not sit down quietly to a game of cards, or bet on a horse-race, but if I am innocent enough to traverse certain of the town's most conspicuous streets, within a block of the best theatres, hotels, and chop-houses, I must be pestered, not directly for money, but for my decency first, my money afterwards. For several blocks this district reeks with patchouli, musk, obscene speech, and a public exhibition of lust and greed such as makes Piccadilly Circus a prayer-meeting. Policemen stroll along, quite unseeing, stop and chat with this habitual pander or that familiar horizontalist. Giddy attempts at music float out from the opium air wherein sit young men imagining they are frightful devils, and old women trying not to look like lost angels. To tell you the plain truth, if the New York version of this sort of thing were not so dreadfully ugly, I really wouldn't mind the unmorality of it. But it is not only hideous, it is obtruded upon those who wish to avoid it.

As I wrote just now, New York doesn't want you to lose your money. It probably has other uses for it. But it has made up its mind, good and hard, that your morals are to be assaulted at every point.

I was still a little sore from contemplation of this phase of night-life in our metropolis, when, the very next afternoon, I was witness to another exhibition of the way New York is policed. A drunken woman—thank the stars, there are not as many of these creatures here as one sees in some English towns—was making herself conspicuous in the very heart of the Sixth Avenue shopping district. The usual crowd of boys and idlers followed her, and, when she finally got mixed up with a horse and wagon, surrounded her, as a crowd always will. It was at a time when the avenue is crowded, late in the afternoon. The policeman who eventually perceived what everyone else had perceived long ago, had some difficulty making his way through the crowd, chiefly because it was so intent on what was before it that it paid no attention to what was pushing from behind. So this policeman pulled out his club and began, without further ado, clubbing right and left. The crowd was made up of reputable persons, clerks just released from near-by stores, saleswomen and the like. A clerk in Alexander's shoe-store, named Parsons, was stunned. You may imagine the rage against this brute with the club and the uniform! He was followed to the police-station, whither the drunken woman was presently taken, by a hooting and clamoring mob. A large number of reputable persons made their declarations against the officer, whose name is Browne. When the matter was brought before the magistrate the charges were dismissed on nothing but

Browne's testimony that the crowd prevented him from getting to the object of his search. But the citizens who had been so outrageously treated did not drop the matter. It was brought up higher. The other day, that Tammany tool, Deputy Commissioner of Police Devery, whose thinking is done exclusively by his chin and his purse, heard both sides, and then made this pleasant little speech.

"Now, look here, I'm going to dismiss this charge right here. Your witnesses can't come here and tell me that crowd up there behaved itself. You people was all crowding in, and you wouldn't help the police any. I want to tell you all right here that if I had been there I would have clubbed more than Browne did. . ."

Nice man, eh? You note the logic upon which he argues that clubbing was justified? You note the elegance of diction that marks this ruler of New York? Makes one feel glad to be a New Yorker, eh? Well, will you believe it, when a lawyer got up, in defense of his client, Mr. Parsons, protesting against Devery's vilification of the crowd and its component members, and threatening to take the entire case before the Grand Jury, Devery merely grunted,

"Well, you've got your grand jury. Do what you like about it."

The decent community, in other words, is told that, as far as New York's police government is concerned, it may go to the Cannibal Islands. Don't think I'm giving you yellow newspaper stuff, Mark; I heard every word of this business as I've told it to you. Oh, they're a sweet lot, these gentry we pay to police us here. By the way, you remember our old friend Captain Chapman, of Seeley dinner notoriety? Well, Chapman has been sent back to his old district, where the lights and the lights-o'-love I described just now are in evidence. What a fearful burlesque of Chapman it was that Hammerstein put on in the palmy days of his Olympia! Chapman vows he'll clear his streets of its human filth. Well, perhaps he will, but this sort of thing is usually only a pretext for getting additional money out of the after-dark pedestrians. The actual arrests invariably make victims of the wrong people; you may remember that case in which young Crane, of "The Black Riders," figured.

You may imagine that in my present frame of mind it's going to take about a gardenfull of Easter lilies to get me as much in love with New York as I used to be. Perhaps one sees these things more vividly on coming to them after an absence. At any rate I really don't feel, at this moment, as if I could take any great joy in Easter, be it ever so glorious a day. The very avenue itself has become a mere rut for the vulgar.

You told me to give your love to civilization, when I got there. My dear Mark, I'm mightily afraid I'll have to wait 'til I'm back in Tangiers before I can deliver your message.

Yours, morosely, Donald.

An injudicious letter to leave about, even in copied form. Yet I do not know but that this point of view has something refreshing about it, something that we who grow gradually used to the insidious changes in our civic life, have lost. Perhaps the perspective of aloofness is salutary.



THE CHILDREN OF NIGHT.

BY WILBUR UNDERWOOD.

LET us go hence: the sacred night is past,
The stars grow dim and fade away at last;
Far o'er the earth the brooding shadows flee—
Dawn's breath is on the sea,

Let us go hence with all the nights that were,
The vast, expectant waters thrill and stir
In passionate joy of morning, strong and free—
The morning that is not for you and me.

Deep in the caverns of the mountain side
Where fled the shadows' host shall we abide,
Our wearied brows, so sick with memories,
Bowed down upon our knees.

Let us go hence: our joy is overcast,
The pallid peace of night is o'er at last;
Far in the depths with shadows we must flee—
Dawn's breath is on the sea.

MINNELIED

OF FREDERICK, COUNT LEININGEN, A. D. 1189.

BY CHARLES EDWARD THOMAS.

This is a genuine Minnelied, from the original manuscript in the possession of the present Counts Leiningen, at Schloss Neuburg, on the Neckar, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. I came upon the original while I was on a visit at Neuburg Castle, three years ago, and this English rendering was made directly from the original manuscript, through a modernized German version, done by some member of the Leiningen family, in the early part of this century. It is an odd and rather touching characteristic of these gentlemanly ruffians of long ago, that in their love-songs they refrain from any mention whatever of their prowess in deeds of physical violence. And so, in decided contradiction to the whole tone of this Minnelied, there hangs beside it on the wall of the dining-room at Neuburg, an ancient picture of the gentle author, taken in the act of cleaving some Saracen's head in twain. That was his *Mr. Hyde*, who is metamorphosed when the knight's fancy turns to verse.]

LET him whose heart is beauty-wise,
Now on the greenwood feast his eyes—
Full green-bedecked and merry;
May comes with her attendant train—
The Winter-birds peep forth again,
Forget the Winter's chilling pain
In Winter's adversary.
And all the wood with music rings
And in the leafy pathway sings
The nightingale his carol.

But far from thee I fare to-day,
Midmost this glad time must I pay
My heart its tithe of sorrow—
My heart, that's prisoner held of thee,
Yet burns in durance willingly,
Nor strives for aught of liberty,
Nor hopes for any morrow.
So hath God fashioned thee, dear heart,
Nor Heaven above nor earthly art
Had made thee any fairer.

And so, my Love, pray counsel me—
(As thou thyself must holy be)
My Lady and Heart's Queen!
One blessing from that store of thine
To ease this haunting pain of mine—
Let o'er my life thy glory shine,
Of all men to be seen.
For burg and keep to me thou art,
My weal, my comfort and my heart,
Whose fire burns my being.

And must I fare, dear one, from thee?
Thy loveliness denied to me—
Ah! woe is this my journey
That toward Apulia takes thy knight—
Be gracious, O! My Life, My Light!
As with sword and honor bright,
I bore thy glove at tourney.
Speak these last words, dear heart, to me—
Let thy sweet lips but say for thee—
"God speed my knight's returning!"

(HIS LADY'S ANSWER)

"God speed thy journey, then, dear heart,
And guard thee well where'er thou art—
Thine Honor's name forever!
Could word of mine have held thee here,
God knows I'd spared not prayer nor tear;
But thou hast seen thy pathway clear—
'Tis vain and we must sever.
And since thy going is Fate-decreed,
Two hearts must o'er our parting bleed,
Thine own heart and—another.
And tho' I tarry sorrowing here,
This prayer shall tell each burning tear—
'Christ keep thee—and Christ's Mother! "

MARK TWAIN VS. GEO. W. CABLE.

BY ELBERT HUBBARD.

IT, perhaps, is not generally known, but the fact no longer need be concealed, that Mark Twain is not especially religious. He smokes the fiercest kind of big black cigars, punctuates his conversation with many swear words—when Mrs. Clemens is not present—and, at stag parties, reveals a command of an underground vocabulary that was the envy of the late Eugene Field.

All of which is not here recorded to the discredit of Mark—it is merely mentioned in the interest of truth, that's all.

As further apology, I will add that my experience is, that men who swear a bit, or occasionally tell "Lincoln stories," are neither better nor worse than those whose speech is immaculate. And, in a few instances, I have known men who never, in public, voiced an off-color word, yet whose souls were full of rottenness and dead men's bones. On the other hand, some of the gentlest, most generous and manly men I ever knew, told stories, on occasion, that would make your hair curl.

There is a goody-goody tale going the rounds, and recently published in Rev. DeWitt Talmage's *Christian Herald*, of how General Grant, at a buck party, sniffed a bit of facetia from afar, and arose and informed the company that he could not remain in the presence of those who indulged remarks not vided by Anthony Comstock. This, however, is a beautiful vagary worked out by Dr. Klopsch, for the edification of the undiscerning.

General Grant was no fool.

The man who reads Balzac's "Droll Stories" with relish may be a saintly character. And if he hand-illuminates one of these stories, as Mark Twain sometimes does, and gives it out in public, it is no proof of his depravity; but what can you say of the white-chokered prig who bottles his badness up inside of him, refusing to give it vent for fear some one will think him indelicate?

And this brings up to Mark Twain and George W. Cable, who traveled together for three weeks and never once spoke to each other, excepting on the stage. It all began by Mark telling a few warm ones to Major Pond in Cable's presence. Cable, fearing he would be smirched, or wanting to prove his purity, flew. At other times Mark would swear ultramarine streaks over nothing while George was studying his International Sunday School Lesson Leaves.

Finally George decided he would win Mark over to the Lord's side. To that end he made an appointment with him where they were to meet at a certain time to talk over a matter "of great and serious import."

Mark thought it was some business deal and made no objection. When they met, Cable began the trouble by locking the door, dropping on his knees and praying aloud that Mark should cease his unhallowed ribaldry, quit tobacco, abstain from smoking, and give his heart to Jesus.

Mark lit his pipe while the prayer was in progress and finally said, "Hell!"

Then Cable got up and rastled with Mark as to the sin of smoking in bed; the folly of turning in at three o'clock in the morning and eating breakfast at noon; the vice of profane swearing, and the heinous sin of telling tales that bring the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence.

Mark was urged to fall on his knees right there and make an appeal to the Throne of Grace for pardon. He was urged to resolve then and there to live a clean, wholesome, Christian life; to have family prayers, say grace at meals, and go to church on Sunday.

"Burn your tobacco pipes, throw the whisky bottle out of the window, and promise me now you will never use another swear word—do it now, Mark, in the name of your sainted mother, do it now!" And the little man, with his arms around Mark's neck, tried to force him to his knees.

But the big man, still smoking, finally said: "George Cable, inventor of the Creole—you keep your religion and be damned, and I'll keep mine."

Then Mark indulged him in a demonstration of ill-con-

cealed weariness, and, going to the door, he unlocked it and called in Major Pond and requested him to take the runt out and buy him a High-Ball to steady his nerves.

Cable was furious with disappointment and rage. He declared Mark had grossly insulted him. He protested that all he had said and done was done in love, and for Mark's benefit, and he declared he would not again speak to Mark until he apologized.

Major Pond was sorely troubled. There were seventeen dates ahead, and if these men parted now it meant the loss of thousands of dollars. The Major begged Mark to apologize and heal the breach, but Mark smiled grimly and said the little Creole-catcher could go to the devil he believed in, for all of him.

Yet Major Pond, by his masterly diplomacy, managed to hold the combination together, and every night for three weeks Mark Twain and George Cable read from the same platform and made sly remarks about each other before the audience, and the audience thought it only kindly banter.

But never did they speak when they met, although they traveled together five thousand miles, ate at the same table and stopped at the same hotels. Whenever Cable would enter a room where Mark and the Major were, the entrance of Cable was the cue for Mark to indulge him in a knock-wood demonstration.

Mark says he holds no enmity toward George, but he has ever refused to apologize, and thinks that George should apologize to him for trying to take away his religion, which consists in every man minding his own business. On the other hand, Cable has given Mark up as lost—irretrievably lost.

And there the matter rests.

KANSAS—THE TENTH MUSE.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

THERE is a foolish English question or conundrum, which runs: "Why is a mouse when it spins?"

There is no answer to it. It is only a silly combination of words, and in this same spirit and by the same token one might ask, "Why is Carrie Nation when she smashes?"

Why is she?

Heaven knows.

Why does all the world stop its business and stand agape while this fat, little, old woman, who, until ten weeks ago, has lived sixty eminently respectable years, goes about waving her hatchet and talking in loud and excited tones.

As the world has rolled along any number of ladies and gentlemen have risen with axes or adzes or clubs and have lammed the daylight out of people who disagree with them. Saloon-smashing has been done, and in recent years, by women who have been persecuted by the Rum Fiend. The matter has caused some neighborhood comment. It has even got into the day's dispatches. But the story was unimportant and trivial and "really of no consequence."

But here comes this Kansas woman, from Medicine Lodge, Kansas, the home of Jerry Simpson and also of Congressman Chester I. Long, whose speech on the Porto Rican tariff was used more than any other speech on the subject by the Republican National Committee last year,—here comes this little, old Kansas woman, and throws a rock heard around the world.

Why does it resound?

Would it have crashed through the glass doors of the House of Fame if Mrs. Nation had thrown that rock at Springfield, Mo., or Wheeling, W. Va., or Charleston, S. C., or Walla Walla, Wash., or Laramie, Wyoming or Ilion, N. Y?

"No," as the Fourth of July orator would say, "no; ten thousand times no."

The rock that Carrie Nation aimed at the Rum Fiend's slats, rattled around the world like a moon full of meteors falling on a tin roof, solely and only because Carrie Nation threw that rock in Kansas.

Kansas is the tenth muse—the muse of advertising.

There have been Socialists in America for a century—

but until the Kansas Populists appeared the Socialists were without force or effect. There have been cyclones in the world since the morning stars sang together; but until the Kansas cyclone appeared the cyclone was without distinction or influence. God made grasshoppers before he made man; but until the grasshopper became hyphenated with Kansas he was a lowly bug, less known than the bed-bug or the flea.

Kansas refuses to allow her wares to become shop-worn. She advertises. It is in the blood. When she found she had in Ingalls the best living American stylist, what did she do? Did she hide him in a college, as Massachusetts would have done? Did she start a magazine with him, as New York would have done? Did she send him to the Court of St. James, as Ohio would have done? No, gentle reader, Kansas found the best bill-board on earth, and put old John J. Ingalls to writing advertising on Kansas there. Kansas sent Ingalls to the Senate.

Kansas gets advertising out of everything. Good fortune and calamity, riches or adversity, famine or feast, —all times and seasons are reserved in the contract for top-of-column-next-to-reading-matter advertising for Kansas.

Kansas is a wonderful State. If, some night, an earthquake should drop the whole, ever-blooming State into the bottomless pit, before morning the enclosure would be fenced up with a bill-board ten miles high, covered with the story of the glory of Kansas; and every night, from the crater of the pit, the same enlivening and diverting and withal profitable Kansas tale would be wig-wagged from the blazes below upon the dome of the eternal stars.

IS STEEL A STEAL?

BY FRANCIS A. HUTER.

THE astounding growth in this country's wealth, population and international importance in the last five or six years is filling the people at home with pride, confidence and unbounded hope in the future, and people abroad with apprehension and dismay. The remarks of leading statesmen of Europe, Lord Roseberry, Lord Salisbury and Count Goluchowski, in the last few months, are significant, and reflect the uneasiness abroad relative to United States competition in the world's trade and finance. A glance at the figures of our exports and imports will convince the most prejudiced observer that America is making giant strides forward, and will soon be the richest and most powerful nation on the face of the globe. The optimism that now prevails, while fully justified and resting on a substantial basis, should not, however, lead to the abandonment of common sense. Let us not forget that lean years follow fat years, with almost monotonous regularity, and that it is necessary, in times of plenty, to provide for times of adversity.

One of the most salient features in economical matters, at the present time, is the "consolidative" movement, which has achieved such truly remarkable and, we might say, portentous results since the defeat of the Nebraskan, last November. The absorption of the Southern Pacific by the Union Pacific is still awakening echoes in Wall Street. This deal led to the unification of more than 15,000 miles of railroad, and the establishment of another trans-continental railway system, via Ogden, Utah. The Harriman syndicate successfully engineered it, without any serious hitch, and without any perceptible strain on the money market. This syndicate, it is understood, will bring about a concentration of the entire transportation business of the country in a few hands, through the inauguration of a "community of interest."

The greatest achievement in consolidation, however, is the incorporation of the United States Steel Co., with a capitalization of \$1,100,000,000, representing a consolidation of the Federal Steel, American Steel & Wire, National Tube, National Steel, American Tin Plate, American Steel Hoop, American Sheet Steel and the Carnegie properties. It is believed that the opposition among minority stockholders of the various constituent companies will be stifled, and that the huge deal will be carried through. While the

consolidation does not absorb all the facilities of production in any branch of the iron and steel industry, it is probable that a number of the concerns, not now included in the combination, will be forced to come in later, by sheer force of circumstances and vigorous competition.

The United States Steel Co. is the largest corporation ever organized anywhere. Judging by late reports, it intends to establish close connections with iron and steel companies in Europe, so that the prospects are decidedly in favor of the formation of a gigantic international trust, controlling the entire iron and steel industry of the world. At the present moment, it is known that secret negotiations are in progress with several leading iron concerns in Germany.

J. P. Morgan, the head and front of this great steel combine, is very sanguine as to his ability to make it a success, and to prevent any possibility of future serious depression in iron and steel prices, by a perfect, arbitrary control of production. Whether he is sincere, may, however, be doubted. According to that veteran ironmaster, Andrew Carnegie, "iron is either king or pauper;" that is, this particular and highly important industry is either extremely prosperous or extremely depressed. We all remember the times of 1895 and 1896. To expect that the prevailing prosperity in the iron industry will last much longer, would be rash and absurd. The productive capacity, in the last three years, has been increased immensely, and any moderate set-back in consumptive demand would be instantly and very decidedly felt.

After experiencing an era of wonderful activity and large earnings, the iron and steel manufacturers of England, Germany and Belgium have lately been compelled to curtail production or to shut down indefinitely. The wages of employes have been reduced, thousands have been discharged, and fears are now entertained that a critical period is rapidly approaching. The signs of the approaching reaction could be noticed a year ago, but were little heeded. So much may be stated with absolute certainty—that the present reaction in Europe will be reflected in the United States sooner or later. It is already casting its shadow before in our export trade. Recent Government statements prove that the exports of iron and steel products from this country are decreasing, compared with a year ago, and the decrease will be more marked as the months pass by.

Let us suppose that the wave of business reaction has at last fairly struck the United States, and the steel industry been vitally affected. The stockholders of the United States Steel Co. would become alarmed at the dwindling earnings, the suspension of dividends and the cuts in prices brought about by domestic and international competition. The *United States Investor* asks: "Can any one predict what would happen to the financial structure of the entire world, if the credit of a \$1,100,000,000 corporation should become impaired? While no one could begin to estimate the effect of such an occurrence, there can be no doubt that the effect would be appalling in the extreme. That is why financial interests generally are to-day in a state of trepidation on account of the latest achievement of the Morgan syndicate."

There may be persons willing to deride such fears and to place their implicit faith in the resources, energy and power of J. P. Morgan. Time will teach them a lesson, however. The great fact, which must at once impress a careful observer, is that the steel combine is organized on a tremendously inflated basis, and when the iron industry is still riding on the top wave of prosperity. The various constituent companies were taken in on a basis of earnings of fat years, instead of lean years. When the inevitable depression comes, the United States Steel Co. will have to pay the interest on bonds principally held by Mr. Carnegie, the total bonded debt representing an aggregate not much below the entire capitalization of the whole iron and steel industry of the United States, as reported in the Federal Census of 1890.

Note should be made of the fact that Mr. Carnegie would not consent to take anything but bonds, forming a fixed charge on the properties, and coming ahead of preferred and common shares. The wily, old Scotchman

knew what he was doing. Mr. Morgan had to pay dearly for the acquisition of the Carnegie Company, the total payments to Mr. Carnegie amounting to over \$200,000,000 in bonds. It is stated that the total value of the Carnegie properties is only about one-fifth of what it is rated in the deal with the Morgan syndicate.

Present plans, according to reports, contemplate the issuance of at least \$300,000,000 of 5 per cent bonds. Of this amount \$160,000,000 will be used to retire an equal amount of Carnegie Company bonds; some \$130,000,000 more will go to Mr. Carnegie himself, for his 86,379 shares of stock in his company, of a par value of \$1,000 per share, and of a value, in this bargain, of \$1,500 per share. This leaves only about \$10,500,000 of the bonds to be disposed of, and it is presumed that this amount will go to certain favored stockholders in the Carnegie Company.

There is a deep-rooted impression that the great steel combine was organized just in the nick of time, that is to say, just before the fatal weakness of the various trusts organized in 1898 and 1899 became apparent. The Morgan crowd recognized that something had to be done to prevent widespread alarm and distrust, even if the result should be a mere make-shift, a temporary expedient. The inevitable had to be postponed, by all means, for there were other vast interests at stake that had to be protected. To bring about the combination, it was found obligatory to pump new water into an already vastly inflated capitalization. For common stock that is not worth \$5 per share, the promoters of the combine paid \$40 and \$50, but the greatest harvest was reaped by holders of preferred stock in old companies. That something had to be done, and that immediately, became apparent, a few weeks ago, when the Pressed Steel Car Co., found itself confronted with a floating debt of \$5,000,000 and the American Smelting & Refining Co. with a similar debt of \$7,400,000. While these two and a few other concerns, in an equally deplorable plight, were not taken into the great combine, their condition revealed the true state of affairs and the approach of the danger point.

They may argue as much as they please about the benefits and necessity of trusts and combines, under prevailing, modern conditions in trade and industry; the cold, naked fact is, that a combine based on the smallest capitalization is the only one that can succeed and benefit both stockholders and the public. A corporation that is, from the start, burdened with a greatly inflated capitalization may succeed in paying big dividends and hold its head above water for a few years, but competition and changing conditions in business will at last bring about its downfall. It is a corporation of this kind that should be distrusted by investors and be amenable to legislation, because the watered capital alone will compel it to evade the laws and to make falsified, misleading or incomplete reports to shareholders.

The new steel trust is principally a capitalization of profits and drafts on the future, which may never be cashed. There are some authorities who persist in declaring that a capitalization of this kind is justifiable and should not be condemned as being unsound and illegitimate. Experience has proved, however, that only those companies succeed the capitalization of which is based on actual value of properties. In actual practice, profit-capitalization is a snare and, as a rule, involves the trusting shareholder in enormous losses and disappointment.

So far as the bull movement in Wall Street is concerned, there is likewise substantial reason to be conservative and suspicious. Everybody seems to have "gone daffy" on stocks. There is a scramble for shares, which, a few years ago, were classed, contemptuously, among the "cats and dogs." Wall Street is full of syndicates and pools, "working" the public and exciting the cupidity and enthusiasm of the speculative to an unprecedented extent. Don't forget that Wall Street is feeding on the public, the innocent lambs, whose foibles are well known and constantly exploited by unscrupulous, tricky manipulators. If there is, indeed, a change in the character of stories and rumors emanating from the Trinity Church district, remember the

wise, old, French saw: "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose."

TWO SPRING SONGS.

BY ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

APRIL.

COME with sound of running water,
April, through the brooding hills,
Crossing o'er the forest sills;
Gild with light the wimpling water,
Home of loon and haunt of otter,
Wake to life the idle mills.

Bring a web of blowing grasses
Woven thickly at our feet,
In a tangled emerald sheet;
Sift the cloud-film slow that passes,
While the light and shadow masses
Where the winds and waters meet.

Touch with blue the violet's petal,
Strew the slopes with primrose pale,
Willows, and the wind-flowers frail;
Paint in green the hardy nettle,
Gird the elm-tree's iron metal
With your vines that upward trail.

Send your messenger, the swallow,
Herald of a thousand Springs,
Heedless borne on flying wings,
With his comrades swift that follow
Over hill and dale and hollow
In their airy wanderings.

Star the meadow's edge with daisies,
Thrill the afternoons with song,
Where the scolding black-birds throng;
Weave among the marshy mazes
Mingled warp of gleams and hazes,
Dawnings brief and twilights long.

Clang the bells of homebound cattle
Drifting down the weedy lane.
On the glistening window-pane
Hurl the raindrops rush and rattle
Thick and fast as shots in battle—
Melting music of the rain.

Bring your myriad moods estranging,
Come across the void of miles,
With your frowns and with your wiles,
Lightly as the breezes ranging
Like a woman, ever-changing,
April, with your tears and smiles.

GONE NORTH.

High up, where clouds in broken bars
Drift idly underneath the stars
And down the sky,
The moon in silvery splendor glides,
Remote, through far, aerial tides,
The wild geese fly.

Their tense triangle cuts the air,
While grating in the silence there,
The leader's call,
Harsh-resonant in honking floats,
And, answering back, come guttural notes
That fade and fall.

Etched clean against the skyey dome
Yon phalanx seeks the Northern home
From whence it came;
And that persistence of the flight,
Drawn like a knife-blade through the night,
Is instinct's aim.

So speed my spirit; in some Spring,
On loose-blown winds sent wandering
As bleakly forth,
Leaving, mayhap, for one to say—
Dim-peering through the mystery grey—
"Gone North!"

THE PIPER OF DREAMS.

BY JAMES HUNEKER.

The desert of my soul is peopled with black gods,
Huge blocks of wood;
Brave with gilded horns and shining gems,
The black and silent gods
Tower in the naked desert of my soul.

With eyes of wolves they watch me in the night;
With eyes like moons.
My gods are they; in each the evil grows,
The grandiose evil darkens over each
And each black god, silent
Under the iron skies, dreams
Of his omnipotence—the taciturn black gods!

And my flesh and my brain are underneath their feet;
I am the victim, and I perish
Under the weight of these nocturnal gods
And in the iron winds of their unceasing wrath.

Lingwood Evans.

I

IT was opera night and the lights burned with an official brilliancy that challenged the radiance of the electric clusters across the asphalt at the café Montferino. There all was decorous gaiety; and the doubles of Pilsner never vanished from the little round metal tables that overflowed into the juncture of the streets named Gluck and Meyerbeer. Among the brasseries in Paris this was the most desirable to lovers of the Bohemian brew. The cooking, Neapolitan or Viennese at will, perhaps explained the presence one June evening of tall, blond, blue-eyed Pavel Illowski, the notorious Russian symphonist. With several admirers he sat sipping bocks and watched the motley waves of the boulevard wash back strange men and women—and again women.

Lenyard spoke first. He was young and from New England, studying music in Paris.

"Master, why don't you compose a music drama?" Illowski gazed into the soft blur of light and mist over the Place de l'opéra, but did not answer. Scheff burst into laughter. The one who had asked the question became angry. "Confound it! What have I said, Mr. Dutchman, that seems so funny to you?" Illowski put out a long, thin hand—a veritable flag of truce: "Children, cease! I have written better than a music drama. I told Scheff something about it before he left St. Petersburg last spring. Don't be jealous Lenyard. There is nothing in the work which warrants publicity—yet. It is merely a venture into an unfamiliar region, nothing more. But how useless to write for a public which still listens to Meyerbeer in the musical catacombs across the street!"

Lenyard's lean, dark features relaxed. He gazed smilingly at the fat and careless Scheff. Then Illowski arose. It was late, he said, and his head ached. He had been scoring all day—more than sufficient reason for early retirement. The others demurred, though meekly. If their sun set so early how could they be expected to pass their time with any degree of pleasure? The composer saw all this; but he was sensibly selfish, and buttoning the long frock coat, which hung loosely on his attenuated frame, shook hands with his disciples, called for a carriage and drove away. Lenyard and Scheff stared after him and then faced the situation. There were many tell-tale porcelain tallies on the table to be settled, and neither had much money; so the manoeuvring was an agreeable sight for the cynical waiter. Finally Lenyard, his national pride rising at the spectacle of the Austrian's penuriousness, paid the entire bill with a twenty franc piece.

Scheff sank back in his chair and grinningly inquired: "Say, my boy, I wonder if Illowski has enough to pay his coachman when he reaches the mysterious, old dream-barn he calls home?" Lenyard slowly emptied his glass: "I don't know, you don't know, and, strictly speaking, we don't care. But I'd dearly like to see the score of his new work." Scheff blinked with surprise. He, too, was thinking of the same dread matter. "What in God's name

do you mean? Speak out. I've been frightened long enough. This Illowski is a terrible man, Scheff. Do you suspect the stories are true after all—?" Then both men stood up, shook hands and parted: "Neshevna will tell us. She knows."

II

Pavel Illowski was a man for whom the visible world had never existed. Born a Malo-Russ, nursed on Little-Russian legends, a dreamer of soft dreams until more than a lad, he was given a musical education in Moscow—the White City—itsself a dream of old Alexander Nevsky's days. Within sight of the Kremlin the slim and delicate youth fed upon the fatalistic writers of the nineteenth century. He knew Schopenhauer before he had learned to pronounce German correctly, and the works of Bakunin, Herzen, Krapotkin and others verily became part of his cerebral tissue; Proudhon, Marx, and Ferdinand Lassalle taught him to hate wealth, property, power; and then he came across an old volume of Nietzsche in his uncle's library. The bent of the boy's genius was settled. He would be a composer—had he not, as a bare-headed child, run sobbing after Tchaikowsky's coffin almost to the Alexander Newsky Monastery in 1893?—but a composer who would mould the destinies of his nation, perhaps the destinies of all the world—a second Svarog. He early saw that power—insidious, subtle, dangerous power—lurked in great art, saw that the art of the twentieth century, his century, was music. Only thirteen when the greatest of all musical Russians died, he read Nietzsche a year later; and these men were the two compelling forces of his life until the destructive poetry of the mad, red-haired Australian poet, Lingwood Evans, appeared. Illowski's philosophy of anarchy was now complete, his belief in a social, religious, aesthetic—even ethical—regeneration of the world, fixed. Yet he was no reformer; he would bear no polemical banners, wave no red flags. A composer of music, he would succeed in imparting to his work articulate, emotion-breeding and formidably dangerous qualities.

Deserting the vague and fugitive experimentings of Berlioz, Wagner, Liszt and Richard Strauss, Illowski modeled himself first upon Tchaikowsky. He read everything musical and poetical in type, and his first attempt, when nearly thirty, was a symphonic setting of a poem by a half-forgotten English poet, Robert Browning. It was "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came" and the music aroused hostile German criticism. Here was a young Russian, declared the critics, who ventured beyond Tchaikowsky and Strauss in his attempts to make music say something. Was not the classic Richard Wagner a warning to all who endeavored to wring from music a message it possessed not? When Wagner saw that Beethoven—Ah! the sublime Beethoven—could not do without the aid of the human voice in his Ninth Symphony, he fashioned his music drama accordingly. With the co-operation of pantomime, costume, color, lights, scenery, he invented a new art—patched and tinkered at one, said his enemies, who thought him old-fashioned—and so The Ring, Tristan and Isolde, Die Meistersinger and Parsifal were born. True classics in their devotion to form, their repose and freedom from the feverishness of the later men headed by Richard Strauss—why should any one seek to better them, to supplant them? Wagner had been the Mozart of his century. Down with the musical Tartars of the East who, spiritually, would invade Europe and rob her of peace, religion, aye, and of morals!

Much censure of this kind was aimed at Illowski, who continued calmly his chosen path. Admiring Richard Strauss, he saw that the man did not dare far enough, that his effort to paint in tone the poetic heroes of the past century, Strauss himself included, was laudable, but that Don Juan, Macbeth, quaint Till Eulenspiegel, fantastic Don Quixote were, after all, concerned chiefly with a dying aestheticism. Illowski best liked Also Sprach Zarathustra by Strauss, for it approached his own darling project, though it neither touched the stars nor reached the earth. A new art, not a synthesis of the old arts dreamed by Wag-

ner, but an art consisting of music alone must be evolved; an art for the twentieth century, a democratic art in which poet and tramp alike could revel. To the profoundest science must be united a clearness of exposition that only can be found in Raphael. Even the peasant enjoys a Velasquez. The Greeks fathomed this mystery: all Athens worshiped its marbles, and Phidias was crowned King of Emotions. Music alone lagged in the race, music, part speech, part painting, with a surging undertow of passion, music had been too long in the laboratories of the wise men. To lift it free from its Egyptian bondage, to make it the tongue of all life, the interpreter of the world's desire—Illowski dreamed the dreams of madmen.

Chopin, who divined this truth, went first to the people—later to Paris; and thenceforward he became the victim of the artificial. Beethoven was born too soon in a world grown grey under scholars' shackles. The symphony, like the Old Man of the Sea, weighed upon his mighty shoulders, for music, he believed, must be formal to be understood. Illowski, in his many wanderings, pondered these things: saw Berlioz almost on the trail in his efforts to formulate a science of instrumental timbres; saw Wagner captivated by the glow of the footlights; saw Liszt, audacious Liszt, led by Wagner and tribute laid upon his genius by the Bayreuth men; saw Tschaikowsky struggling away from the temptations of the music-drama only to succumb to the symphonic poem—a new and vicious version of that old pitfall, the symphony; saw César Franck, the Belgian mystic, narrowly graze the truth in some of his chamber music, and then fall victim to the fascinations of the word, as if the word, spoken or sung, were other than a clog to the free wings of imaginative music! Illowski noted the struggles of these dreamers, noted Verdi swallowed by the maelstrom of the theatre; noted Richard Strauss and his hesitation at the final leap.

To the few in whom he confided, Illowski admitted that Strauss had been his forerunner, having upset the notion that music must be beautiful to be music, and seeing the real significance of the characteristic, the ugly. Had Strauss developed the courage or gone to the far East when young, Illowski would shrug his high shoulders, gnaw his cigarette and exclaim: "Who knows?"

Tolstoy was right after all, this sage, who under cover of fiction preached the deadliest doctrines; doctrines that aimed at nothing less than the disequilibrium of existing social conditions. Tolstoy had inveighed bitterly against all forms of artificial art. If the Moujik did not understand Beethoven, then all the worse for Beethoven; great art should have in it Mozart's sunny simplicities, without Mozart's elaborate technical methods. This Illowski believed. To unite the intimate soul-searching qualities of Chopin and exclude his alembicated art; to sweep with torrential puissance the feelings of the common people, whether Chinese or German, Exquimaux or French; to tell them things, things found neither in books nor in pictures nor in stone, neither above the earth nor in the waters below; to liberate them from the tyranny of laws and beliefs and commandments; to preach the new dispensation of Lingwood Evans—magnificent, brutal, and blood-loving—ah! if Illowski could but discover this hidden philosopher's stone, this true Arcana of all wisdom, this emotional lever of Archimedes, why then the whole world would be his; his power would depose Pope and Emperor. And again he dreamed the dreams of madmen—for his mother had been nearly related to Dostoiwsky.

Of what avail the seed-bearing Bach and his fugues—emotional mathematics, all of them! Of what avail the decorative efforts of tonal fresco painters, breeders of an hour's pleasure, soon forgotten in the grave's muddy victories! Had not the stage lowered music to the position of a lascivious handmaiden? To the sound of cymbals it postured for the weary debauchee. No; music must go back to its origins. The church fettered it in its service, knowing full well its value, its good and also its evil. Before Christianity was, it had been a power in hieratic hands. Ancient Egyptian priests hypnotized the multitudes with a single silvery sound; and in the deepest Indian

jungles inspired fakirs gave visions to the initiated by the clapping of shells. Who knows by what means the Grand Llama of Tibet decreed the destinies of millions? Music again, music in some other garb than we now sense it. Illowski groaned as he attacked this hermetic mystery. He had all the technique of contemporary art at his beck, but not the unique tone, the unique form, by which he might become master of the universe and gain spiritual dominion over mankind. Yet the secret, so fearfully guarded, had been transmitted through the ages. Certain favored ones must have known it, men who ruled the rulers of earth. Where could it be found? "The jealous gods have buried somewhere proofs of the origins of all things, but upon the shores of what ocean have they rolled the stone that hides them, O Macareus!" Thus he echoed the fatidical query of the French poet.

Then Illowski left Europe. Some said he had gone to Asia, the mother of all religions, of all corruptions. He had been seen in China, and later stories were related of his attempts to enter Lhasa, the sacred city. He had disappeared and many composers and critics were not sorry; his was a too commanding personality. He menaced modern art. Thus far church and state had not considered his individual existence; he was but one of the submerged units of Rurik's vast Slavic Empire which now almost traversed the Eastern hemisphere. So he was forgotten and a minor god had arisen in his place—a man who wrote pretty ballets, who declared that the end of music was to enthrall the senses, and his ballets were danced over Europe, while Illowski's name faded away.

At the end of ten years he returned to St. Petersburg. Thinner, much older, his long, spidery arms, almost colorless blond hair and eroded features gave him the air of a cenobite who had escaped from some Scandinavian wilderness into life. His Oriental reserve, and evident dislike of all his former social habits, set the musical world wagging its head, recalling the latter days of Dostoiwsky. But Illowski was not mad: he was simply awaiting his opportunity. It came. The morning after his first concert he was awakened by fame knocking at his gate, the most horrible kind of fame. He was not called a madman by the critics, for his music could never have been the product of a crazy brain—he was pronounced an arch-enemy to mankind, for he told infamous secrets in his music, secrets that had lain buried in the shale of a vanished epoch. And, lest the world grow cold, he drove to its very soul the most hideous truths. Like the hypnotist with his shining mirror, Illowski had conducted his orchestra through extraordinary and malevolent forests of tone. The audience went into the night, some sobbing, some beating the air like possessed ones, others frozen with terror. At the second concert the throngs were so dense that the authorities interfered. What poison was being disseminated in the windless air of a music hall? What new device of the revolutionists was this? What deadly secret did this meagre, dreamy, harmless-looking Russian possess? The censors were alert. Critics were instructed by the heads of their journals to drive forth this musical anarchist, but criticism availed not. A week, and Illowski became the talk of Russia, a month, and Europe filled with strange rumors about him. Here was a magician who made the dead speak, the living dumb—what were the limits of his power? What his ultimate intention? Such a man might be converted into a political force if he would but range himself on the right side of the throne. If not—why, then there was still Siberia and its weary stretches of snow!

When Illowski reached Moscow there was rioting in the streets. Leaving there he went with his dark-skinned Eastern musicians to the provinces. And the government began to tremble. The peasants threw aside spade, forgot vodka and rushed to his free concerts, given under canvas-covered booths; and the impetus communicated to this huge, weltering mass of slaving humanity, broke wave-like upon the remotest borders of the empire. The church became alarmed. Anti-Christ had been predicted for centuries, and latterly by the Second Adventists. Was Illowski he,

at whose nod principalities and powers of earth should tremble and fall? Was he the prince of darkness himself? Was the liberation of the seven seals at hand—that awful time foretold by the mystic of Patmos? The Metropolitan of the Greek church did not long hesitate. A hierarchy that could become endangered merely because a fanatic wielded hypnotic powers, must exert its prerogative. The aid of the secret police invoked, Illowski was hurried into Austria, but with him were his men, and he grimly laughed as he sat in a Viennese café and counted the victories of his first campaign.

"It has begun," he said to his first violinist, a stolid fellow with black blood in his veins.

It had begun. After the concert in Vienna, Illowski was politely but firmly bidden to leave Austria. The unsettled political condition, the disaffection of Czech and Hungarian, were a few of the reasons given for this summary retirement. Yet Illowski's orchestra had not played a Rakoczy march! The clergy heard of his impieties. A report obtained credence that the Russian composer had written music for the black mass, most blasphemous of missal travesties. When Illowski was told of this he smiled. He did not aim at attacking mere sectarian beliefs,—but, with Bakunin, he swore that there must be total destruction of all existing institutions—else, nothing!

He went to Germany believing that the countrymen of Nietzsche would receive with joy this Overman from the East. There was no longer any Bayreuth—the first performance of Parsifal elsewhere had killed the place and the opera. In Munich the authorities had been forewarned, and Illowski was arrested as a dangerous character and sent to Trieste. From thence he shipped to Genoa, and once in Italy he became free. On the peninsula his progress was that of a trailing comet. The feminine madness first manifested itself there and swept the country side with epidemic fury. Wherever he played the dancing mania set in, and the soldiery could not put it down by force of arms. Nietzsche's dancing philosopher, Zarathustra, was incarnated in Illowski's compositions. Like the nervous obsessions of mediæval times, this music set howling, leaping and writhing the volatile Italians, until it began to assume the proportions of a new Evangel, an hysterical hallucination that bade defiance to law, doctors, even the decencies of life. Terrible stories reached the Vatican, and when it was related that one of Illowski's symphonic pieces was the delineation of Zarathustra's Cave with its sinister mockery of prelate and king, the hated Quirinal was approached for assistance, and Illowski vanished from Italy.

In the British Isles, the same wicked tales were told of him. He was denounced by priest and publican as a subverter of morals. No poet, no demagogue, had ever risked so much with the masses. Musicians of academic training held aloof. What had they in common with this charlatan who treated the abominable teachings of Walt Whitman symphonically? He could not be a respectable man, even if he were sane. And then the unlettered, tiller of the soil, drunken mechanic, and gutter drab, all loved his music. What kind of music was it, to be thus understood by the ignorant?

The police thought otherwise. Illowski gathered crowds—that was sufficient to ban him, not as did the church, with bell, book and candle, but with stout oaken clubs. Forth he fared, and things came to such a pass that not a steamer dared convey him or his band to America. The United States Congress got wind of the seditious and disturbing music and hastily passed a resolution forbidding the landing of the agitator. Freedom, at all hazards, must be maintained in the country of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln.

France—glorious France, the crucible of new ideas, to Paris would Illowski go. By this time the scientific reviews had taken him up as a sort of public Illusionist. Disciples of Charcot explained his scores—though not one had been published; while the neo-moralists gladly denounced him as a follower of the Master Immoralist, a sublimated emotional expression of the ethical nihilism of Friedrich Nietzsche.

Others, more fanciful, saw in his advent and in his art an attempt to overturn nations, life itself, through the agency of corrupting beauty and by the arousing of illimitable desires. Color and music, sweetness and soft luxuries, declared these new Ambroses and Chrysostoms, were the agencies of Satan in the undermining of morals. Pulpits thundered. The press sneered at this new Pied Piper of Hamelin, and poets sang of him. One Celtic bard named him "Master of the Still Stars and of the Flaming Door."

For women Illowski's music was as the moth's desire. Wherever he went were women—women and children. Old legends were revived about the ancient gods. The great god Pan was said to be abroad; rustlings in the night air set young folk blushing. An emotional renaissance swept like a torrid simoon over Europe. Those that had not heard, had not seen Illowski, felt, nevertheless, his subtle influences at work in their bosoms. The fountains of democracy's great deeps were breaking up. Too long had smug comfort and utilitarianism ruled a world grown weary of debasing commerce. All things must have an end, even wealth; and to the wretched, to those in damp mines; to the downcast in exile and in prisons, and to the muck of humanity, Illowski's name became a beautiful, illuminated symbol. The charges of impiety were answered by: "His music makes us dream." Music now became ruler of the universe, and the earth hummed tunes. Yet Illowski's maddening music had been heard by comparatively few.

Humble, poor, asking nothing and always giving, Illowski soon became a nightmare to the orthodox. He preached no heresies, promised no future rewards, nor warred he against church or kingdom. He only made music and things were not as before: some strange angel had passed that way filling men's souls with joy, beauty and bitterness. Duties, vows, beliefs fell away like snow in the sun; families, tribes, States grew restless, troops were called and churches never closed. A wave of belated paganism rolled over the world, and thinkers and steersmen of great political and religious organizations became genuinely alarmed. So had come the downfall of the classical world—a simple apparition in a far away Jewish province, and the Cæsars fell supine,—their empires cracked like mirrors! To imprison Illowski meant danger; to kill him would deify him, for in the blood of martyrs blossom the seeds of mighty religions. Far better if he proceed to Paris—Paris, which is the cradle as well as the tomb of illusions. There this restless demagogue might find his dreams stilled in the scarlet negations and frivolous philosophies of the town; and thus the germ-plasm of a new religion, of a new race, perhaps of a new world, be drowned in the drowsy green of a little glass.

And Illowski, this Spirit that denied, this new Mephisto of music, did not balk his evil wishers.

"Paris, why not? She refused to understand Berlioz, flouted Wagner, and made mock of the marble egotisms of Rodin, the nervous, ferocious, white stillness of his 'Balzac'! Perhaps Paris will give me, if not a welcome with open arms, at least repose. I am tired. Paris may prove a haven."

To Paris he went and, excepting a few cynical paragraphs, received no attention. The Conservatoire, the Académie de Musique, did not officially welcome this gifted son of the Neva; the authorities blandly ignored him. The police were instructed that if he attempted to play in front of churches, address mobs or build barricades, he must be confined. Paris had no idea of Illowski's real meaning; Paris, even in the twentieth century, always hears the news of the world last; besides, she conceives no other conquest save one that has for its object the several decayed thrones within her gates. Illowski was not molested, and his men, despite their strange garb and complexion, went about freely. The Russian composer of ballets was just then the mode.

Some clever caricatures appeared of Illowski representing him as a musical Napoleon, cocked hat, sleek white horse and all. Another gave him the goat's beard of Brother Jonathan, with the baton of a Yankee band-con-

ductor; and then everyone felt assured that the much advertised composer was only a joking American masquerading as a Slav, possibly the vendor of some new religious cure born in the fanatical bake-ovens of Western America. Faust alternated with Les Huguenots at the opera, Pilsner beer was on tap at the Café Montferino, so why worry over exotic stories told of this visitor's abnormal musical powers? And little did any one surmise that he had just given a symphonic setting to Lingwood Evans' insurrectionary poem with its ghastly refrain: "I hear the grinding of the swords, and He shall come—" Thus did Paris unwittingly harbor the poet, philosopher, composer and pontiff of the new dispensation, Pavel Illowski. And Lenyard and Scheff were hastening to Auteuil to see Neshevna, whose other name was never known.

III

Lenyard had disliked Neshevna before he had seen her; when they met he made no attempt to conceal his hatred. He again told himself this as, in company with Scheff, they pursued the gravel path leading to the porter's lodge of Illowski's house. In Auteuil, it overlooked the Seine, which flowed, a ribbon of sunny silver, between its green ribbed banks. Together the pair entered, mounted a low flight of steps and rang the private bell. Neshevna opened the door. In the flood of a westerling sun, the accents of her fluid Slavic face, and her mannish head set upon narrow shoulders—all the disagreeable qualities of the woman—were exaggerated by this bath of clear light. Her hard gaze softened when she saw Scheff. She spoke to him, not attempting to notice the other:

"The master is not at home." Lenyard contradicted her: "He is, for the concierge said so."

"The concierge lies; but come in. I will see."

Following her they reached the music room, which was bare of instruments, pictures, furniture, all save a tall desk upon which lay a heap of music paper. Neshevna made a loping dart to the desk—she was like a wolf in her movements—and threw a handkerchief over it. Lenyard watched her curiously. Scheff gave one of his good-natured yawns and then laughed:

"Neshevna, we come to ask!" "What?" she gravely inquired. There was a lithe alertness in the woman which puzzled Lenyard. She seemed liked a buried volcano about to boil over. Scheff lounged on the window-sill. "Come, Neshevna, be a good girl! Don't forget Moscow or your old adorers." She answered him with sarcastic emphasis: "You fat fool, you and your clerical friend here, what do you both want spying about Illowski like police?" Her voice became shrill as she rapidly uttered these questions, and her green eyes were shot with blood. "If you think I'll tell either of you anything concerning the new music—" "That's all we are here to learn." "All? Imbeciles! As if you or your American could understand Illowski and his message!"

"What message?" interrupted Lenyard, his grave face not in the least discomposed by the Cossack passion of the woman. "What message has Illowski? I've heard queer stories, but cannot credit them. You are in his confidence. Tell us, we ask in humility, what message can any man's music have but the revelation of beauty?" Lenyard's diplomatic question did not fail of its mark. Neshevna pushed back her crazy black hair and walked about the room. "Mummies!" she suddenly cried. "As if your beauty will content a new generation fed on something else than the sweetmeats and pap of your pretty meaningless music. Why, man, can't you see that all the arts are dead—save music? Don't you know that literature, creeds—aye, and the kingdoms are dying for want of new blood, new ideas? Your own America is moribund; one side is already cold in death, the other rotten. Music alone is a vital force, an instrument for rescuing the world from its moral and spiritual decay. Nietzsche was a potent force in the Nineteenth Century, but he wasn't understood. They condemned him to a living death. Lingwood Evans, poet, prophet, is now too old to enforce his message—it is Illowski, Illowski alone who will be the destructive Messiah

of the new millennial. He cometh not to save; not peace, but blood!"

The fire of fanaticism was in her eyes, in her speech. She grasped Lenyard by the elbow: "You, you should serve the master. Scheff is too fond of pleasure to do anything great. He is to give the signal—that's glory enough for him. But you, discontented American, have the stuff in you to make a martyr. We need martyrs. You hate me? Good! I know it. But you must worship Illowski. Art gives place to life and in Illowski's music is the new life. He will sweep the globe from pole to pole, for all men understand his tones. Other gods have but prepared the way for him. No more misery, no more promises unfulfilled by the rulers of body and soul—only music, music like the air, the tides, the mountains, the moon, sun, and stars! Your old-fashioned melody and learning, your school-boy rules of counterpoint—all these Illowski ignores."

Lenyard eagerly interrupted her: "You say that he does away with melody, themes, harmony; how does he replace them, and how does he treat the human voice?" Neshevna let his arm fall and went slowly to the tall desk. She leaned against it, her hand upon her square chin. Scheff still gazed out upon the lawn where splashed a small, movable fountain. To Lenyard the air seemed as if charged with electric questionings. His head throbbed.

"You ask me something I dare not tell. Even Scheff, who knows some things, dares not tell. If Illowski's discovery—which is based on the great natural laws of heat, light, gravitation, electricity—if this discovery were placed in the hands of fools, the world would perish. Music has been so long the plaything of sensuality, the theater for idle men and women, that its real greatness is forgotten. In Illowski's hands it is a moral force. He comes to destroy that he may rebuild. He accomplishes it with the raw elements themselves. Remember—I hear the grinding of the swords, and He shall come!" Neshevna made a mocking gesture and disappeared through a door near the tall desk covered with music paper—the desk whereupon Illowski plotted the ruin of civilization.

"Now since you have seen the dread laboratory, don't hang around that desk; there's nothing there you can understand. The music-paper is covered with electrical and chemical formulæ, not notes—Lenyard let's go back to Paris and dine, like sensible men,—which we are not." Scheff dragged his friend out of the house, for the other was in a stupor. Neshevna's words cleaved his very soul. The American, the puritan in him, had risen swiftly to her eloquent exhortation. All life was corrupt, he had been taught; art was corrupt, a snare, a delusion. Yet—was all its appalling power, its sensuous grandeur to be wasted in the service of the world, the flesh, the devil? Lenyard paused. "Oh, come on, Len. Why do you bother your excitable, sick heart, with that lunatic's prophecies. Illowski is a big man, a very big man; but he is mad, mad! His theories of the decomposition of tone—he only imitates the old painter-impressionist of long ago—and his affected simplicity: why, he is after the big public, that's all; as to your question about what part the human voice plays in his scheme, I may tell you now that he doesn't care a farthing for it except as color. He uses the voice as he would use any instrumental combination. And he mixes his colors so wonderfully that he sometimes polarizes them—they no longer have any hue or scent. He should have been a painter not a composer. He makes panoramas, psychological panoramas, not music." "You heard them, saw them?" "Yes," said Scheff, sourly. "Some of the early ones, and I had brain fever for months afterward." "Yet," challenged Lenyard, "you deny his powers?" "I don't know what he has written recently," was the sullen answer, "but if the newspapers are to be believed, Illowski is crazy. Music all color, no rhythm, no themes, and then his preaching of Nietzsche—it's all wrong, all wrong, my boy. Art was made for joy. When it is anything else, it's a dangerous explosive. Chemically separate certain natural elements and they will rush together with a thunder-clap. That's what Illowski has done. It isn't art! It's science—the science of dangerous sounds. He discovered that sound-

vibrations rule the universe. that they may be turned into a musical Roentgen ray. He presents this sound-ray in a condensed art, an electrical form—"But the means, man, the methods, the instruments, the form?" Lenyard's voice was tense with excitement. The phlegmatic Scheff noticed this and soothingly said:

"The means? Why, dear boy, he just hypnotizes people and promises them bank accounts and angel-wings. That's how he does the trick. Here's the tramcar. Jump in. I'm dying with thirst. To the Café Montferino!" Laughing almost hysterically the pair returned to Paris.

All Paris shook with laughter when Illowski announced the performance of his new orchestral drama called "Nietzsche." The newspapers now printed columns about the composer and his strange career. A disused monster music-hall, near the Moulin Rouge, on the top of Montmartre, was to be the scene of the concert, and the place was at once christened "Théâtre du Tarnhelm"—for a story had leaked out about the ebon darkness in which all the Russian's music was played. This was surpassing the almost forgotten Richard Wagner. Concerts in darkness must indeed be spirituelle. The wits giggled over their jokes; and when the kiosks and bare walls were covered by placards bearing the names of "Illowski—Nietzsche," with a threatening sword beneath them, the excitement became real. Satirical songs were composed for the cafés chantant and several fashionable clerics wove the name of Illowski into their Sunday preachments. In a week he was popular, in two a mystery, in three a necessity. The authorities maintained a dignified silence—and watched. Politics, Bourbonism, Napoleonism, had crept in unawares ere this wearing strange disguises. Perhaps Illowski was a friend of the Vatican; of the Czar; perhaps a destructive, bomb-throwing Nihilist, for the indomitable revolutionists still waged war against the law. Might not this music be but the signal for a dangerous uprising of some sort?

Lenyard had been asked to sit in a box with Neshevna that last night. Scheff refused to join them; he swore that he was tired of music and would remain in town, at the Montferino. The woman smiled as he said this; then she handed him a letter, made a little motion, saying "The signal." He left them.

It was on the esplanade that Neshevna and Lenyard stood. The young man weary with vigils, his face furrowed by hard thinking, regarded the city below them, as it lay swimming in the waves of a sinking sun. He saw the crosses of La Trinité, saw them as molten copper, then dusk and dwindle in the shadows. It seemed to prefigure the twilight of the human race. Neshevna, in a long, red robe, her black hair flowing, walked with this dreamer to the rear of the theatre—the theatre of the Tarnhelm, that was to darken all civilization. He asked for Illowski, but she did not reply; she, too, was steeped in dreams. And all the streets were thick with men and women tumbling up to the theatre.

"We will sit in a second-tier box," she presently said. "If you get tired, or—annoyed, you can go out on the balcony and look down upon the lights of Paris; though I fear it will be a dark night. There is no moon," she added, her voice almost dropping to a mumble.

They sat in a dark box that last night. The auditorium, vast and silent with the breath-catching silence of thousands, lay below them; but their eyes were glued upon a rosy light beginning to break over the space where was the stage. It spread, it deepened, until it fairly hummed with scarlet tones. Gradually emerging from this cruel crimson the image of a huge sword became visible. Neshevna touched Lenyard's hand.

"The symbol of his power!" she crooned.

Blending with the color of the light a musical tone made itself seen, heard, felt. Lenyard shuddered. At last, the new dispensation was about to be revealed, the new gospel preached. It was a single vibratile tone, and was uttered by a trumpet. Was it a trumpet? It pealed with the peal of bells shimmering high in heaven. No occidental instrument ever had such a golden, conquering

tone. It was the tone of one who foretold the coming, one full of invincible faith and sweetness. Lenyard closed his eyes. That the timbre of a single tone could so thrill his nerves he would have denied. This then was the secret. For the first time in the Christian world, the beauties of tonal timbres were made audible—almost visible; for the quality appealed to the eye, the inner eye. Was not the tinted music so cunningly merged as to impinge first on the optic nerve? Had the East, the Hindus, the Chinese, known of this purely material fact for ages, and guarded it in esoteric silence? Here was music based on simple, natural sounds, the sounds of birds and air, the subtle sounds of silk. For centuries Europe had been on the wrong track with its harmonic experimenting, its complex of melodies. Illowski was indeed the savior of music, the—and Neshevna, her great, green eyes luminous with delirium, held his hand.

The sound grew in volume, grew less silken, and more threatening; while the light faded into mute, misty music like the purring of cats. A swelling roar assaulted their ears; nameless creeping things seemed to fill the tone. Yet it was in one tonality; there was no harmony, no melody. The man's quick ear detected many new, rich timbres, as if made by strange instruments. He also recognized interior rhythms, the result of color rather than articulate movement. Then came silence, a silence that shouted cruelly across the gulfs of blackness, a silence so profound as to be appalling. Sound, rhythm, silence—this the material from which is fashioned the creative stuff of the universe. Lenyard became restless; but the grip on his fingers tightened. He felt the oppressive dread that precedes the flight of a nightmare; the dread that all mankind knows, when sunk in shallow, horrid sleep. A low, frightened wail mounted out of the darkness wherein was massed the people. Something was coming—another tone usurped the ear and pierced the eyes. It was a blinding beam of tone, higher and more undulating. His heart harshly ticking like a clock, he saw, as in a vision, the march of the nations, the crash of falling theocracies, of dying dynasties. On a stony platform, vast and crowded, he knelt in sackcloth and ashes; the heavens thundered over the weeping millions of Nineveh, and the Lord of Hosts would not be appeased. Stretching to the clouds were black, basaltic battlements, and above them reared white, terraced palaces, as swans that strain their throats to the sky. The day of wrath was come; and amid the granitic clashing of the elements, Lenyard saw the mighty East resolving into dust. Neshevna pressed his hand.

By the waters of Babylon he wandered and found himself at the base of a rude little hill. The shock of the quaking earth, the silent passing of the sheeted dead, and the rush of affrighted multitudes told him that another cosmic tragedy was at hand. In a flare of lightning he saw silhouetted against an angry sky, three crosses at the top of the sad little hill—and they were not empty. He reeled away, his heart almost bursting, when Neshevna grasped him by the shoulder.

"You saw the death of the gods!" she whispered hoarsely. He could not answer, for the music quickly showed him a thunder-blasted shore fringing a bituminous sea. This sea stirred not, and the air above it was frozen in salty silence. A faint, thin light came up through the waters and Lenyard caught a glimpse in the deeps below, of sparkling pinacles and bulbous domes of gold. A dead sea rolled over the dead cities of the bitter plain. He trembled as Neshevna said with a grinding sob: "That was the death of love."

Lenyard's sombre soul modulated to another dream—the last. A tone-ray, suffocating and vague, melted into immobile stillness, a stillness that waxed and ran over the troubled edges of eternity. The Plain, gloomy and implacable, was illuminated on its anonymous horizon by one rift of naked light. Over its illimitable surface surged and shivered women, white, dazzling and numberless. As waves that, lap on lap, sweep fiercely across the sky-line, as bisons that furiously charge upon grassy wastes, "as the rill that runs from Bulicamé to be portioned out among the sinful women;" these hordes of savage creatures rose and fell in

their mad flight across the Plain. No sudden little river, no harsh accent of knoll or hill, broke the immeasurable whiteness of bared shoulder and ivory breast. It was a white whirl of women, a ferocious vortex of terrified women; and Lenyard saw the petrified fear upon the faces of them that went into the Pit. And he descried the cruel and looming figure of Illowski piping to them as they went into the Pit. The maelstrom of faces turned to their dream-master; faces blanched by regret, sunned by crime, beaming with sin; faces rusted by vain virtue; wan, weary faces, and the triumphant regard of those who loved—all gazed at the Piper as they vertiginously toiled by. The world of women passed at his feet, radiant, guilty, white, glittering and powerless. Lenyard felt the inertia of sickness seize him when he saw the one capital expression upon these futile faces—the expression of insurgent souls who see for the last time their conqueror. Not a sign was made by these mystic brides, not a sound; and, as in the blazing music they dashed despairingly down the gulf of time, Lenyard was left with eyes strained, pulses jangled, lost, lonely and hopeless. He shivered, and his heart seemed to stop beating. It was now his turn to pluck at his companion's wrist.

"This is the death of the world," shouted Neshevna. But Lenyard heard her not; nor did he hear the noise of the people beneath—the veritable booming of primordial gorilla-men. And now a corrosive shaft of tone rived the building as though its walls had been gauze, and went hissing and hurtling over Paris, in shape a menacing sword. Like the clattering of tumbrils in narrow, stony streets, men and women trampled upon each other, fleeing from the accursed altar of this arch-priest of Beelzebub—Illowski. They streamed over the sides of Montmartre as ants washed away by water. And the howling of them was heard by the watchers in the doomed city below.

Neshevna, her arm clutched by Lenyard, shook him violently and tried to release herself. Finding this impossible she dragged her heavy, silent burden out upon the crumpling balcony.

All Paris was draped in flaming clouds, the blood-red smoke of mad anarchists' torches. Tongues of fire twined about the towers of Notre Dame; where the Opéra once stood yawned a blackened hole. And the air was shocked by fulminate blasts—the signals of the smiling Scheff.

"I hear the grinding of the swords!" Lo! thou hast conquered, Pavel Illowski," screamed the woman, her wrist still locked in icy, rigid fingers, and her mouth full of laughter.

THE TYRANNY OF THE PRESS.

BY W. M. R.

WHAT security have we, in this country, against a tyranny we are just beginning to feel—the tyranny of the press?

Here in St. Louis four great papers are in conspiracy to conceal from the people the fact that a certain man is running for Mayor, refusing seriously to notice him. Of course this refusal is silly, but none the less it is a conspiracy against the public. The papers are joined together in a plot to prevent, so far as possible, the people from knowing the actual state of affairs in a big campaign. The papers unite to distort the thinking of the people, by suppressing facts. If the papers were editorial papers, like the *MIRROR* or the *Commoner* or the *Public* or the *Nation* or the *Conservative*, papers frankly representing the opinions, prejudices, fads and follies of their editors, there could be no objection. But when newspapers combine to suppress news, to distort news, then they are combining to cheat the public. The public buys newspapers to get facts. When the public is deceived as to facts the public is swindled, but furthermore the public mind is corrupted by being made to reason on conditions from misapprehension of conditions. That is tyranny. These same papers howl at press censorship by government. They scoff at a Church forbidding the reading of certain books. But is it not as bad to pollute the mind of



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And down to **\$10.00**

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the public by deception as to prevent the people reading at all? Might not a man be as well kept ignorant, as continuously to be misinformed, either by *suppressio veri* or *suggestio falsi*?

The daily papers of each city and of the United States, with few exceptions, are leagued together to monopolize news. Monopolizing news, they may do with the news what they will. They manipulate the news in their own business interest. They unite to protect certain interests outside of their direct newspaper interests. The newspaper proprietors, stockholders, of a given city are interested in practically the same business ventures, aside from the papers, and those side issues are duly protected by the combination of papers that pretend to rival and abuse each other. In every big city the newspapers have an association to freeze out further competition. In these associations the business managers "get together" to protect vested interests in franchises, or, occasionally, to hold up those vested interests, by supporting the schemes of those hostile to established interests.

In every city in the United States here is the combination—the Newspapers, the Banks, the Lighting Companies, the Street Railroads, the Steam Railroads, the Trust Companies, the Political Machines. And all the parts of the combination are at the mercy of the combination of newspaper publishers. If the others don't do the right thing the newspapers will "peach" on their "pals" to the public and tell facts or, if necessary to newspaper purposes, lies. What then? Why the Banks, Trust Companies, Lighting Companies, Street Railroads, etc., proceed to "buy in" or otherwise control the papers. And they do this in every city in the United States. And throughout the United States the interests are everlastingly threatened by the Associated Press. Under the threat the interests respond and so all the great

papers are conservative. They are always "taken in and cared for" as soon as they get strong. Thus it is that all papers start out radical and wind up conservative.

The political differences of papers are all bosh. They are always on the same side. They are always solid for the crowd that controls the town. They are always ready to suppress anything that will hurt the people who stand in with the newspapers. They will suppress or misrepresent facts at the behest of the influences. They ignore this man or that man who may be displeasing to them or their friends. They fight over non-essentials. They are a unit in using not only their editorial but their news columns to pervert and mislead public opinion, whenever necessary, on any matter in which they are interested.

In all great cities the daily newspapers agree not to mention the fact that any one paper is sued for libel. To mention it might encourage and precipitate more suits. If libel suits be not mentioned people may forget that they have such a remedy at law. In San Francisco two editors have been on trial for an offense in publishing lottery advertisements. No paper has printed a line about the matter. In New York the papers are constantly suppressing facts and discoloring them to help out Wall Street schemers. They suppress news of crimes, and they refuse to print facts, the publication of which might hurt their political, business, personal friends.

Now a newspaper should print the news. It should not print lies. It should not suppress news. Editorially, it may do as it will, for editorials are opinions, but facts are facts, and should be so presented. They should not be colored when printed. And all the printed facts should not be further distorted by suppressing important facts related to those printed. Such action makes people think wrong, and when they think wrong, they act wrong. And so the news-

paper is the most vilely corrupting influence in National life to-day. It is so because it has become a corporation, a mere money-making machine. Newspaper idealism is dead: idealism is only bait for gudgeons, hypocritic fudge to make readers, and, eventually, to get money from advertisers who want to sell other things than misinformation to those readers.

The conspiracy, here briefly outlined, is a subtly-stealing tyranny, exercised by tampering with the foundation of all things—thought. It is exercised in the direction of strengthening the hold of the few on the many—persuading the many, falsely, by distorting or suppressing facts, that the few are right. And every public man in the United States, every thinking man, knows all this is true.

The Tyranny of the Press is a real thing. And I'm no anarchist, either.

STOP THE FAKIRS.

THE MIRROR would respectfully call the attention of the World's Fair Authorities to the desirability of taking some steps to discourage or control the exhibition of fake designs for World's Fair projects in conspicuous public places.

These illustrations, as well as those published in the daily press and in a publication called the *World's Fair Bulletin*, have invariably been of such a character as can only bring ridicule upon a project worthy of the highest efforts of the best artists of the country.

These alleged designs are, of course, issued without authority, but the seriousness with which they are considered in the accompanying text, gives them an importance entirely disproportionate to their artistic value, and their publication, at the present time, can work only harm to the cause of the Fair and the reputation of the city in appreciation of matters pertaining to Art.

IS SOCIETY GODLESS?

BY ISEULT SNEED.

Is Society Godless? One is tempted to consider the question these days, after reading the papers. Society in France pays some respect to religion. So it does in England and Germany. But in this country Society is not, apparently, in any way identified with religion.

Does anyone ever see in the newspapers—and Society lives in the newspapers—any mention of any of New York's 400 as church-goers. You will not find that the women go to church, even on Easter morning, to show their bonnets. Society gets married in church. When its members die they are occasionally buried from a church, but there is no evidence that any of the leaders of Society in any city have any other relations whatever with the church.

You will find, if you examine the record, that in all the great cities certain people of great prominence have not only given parties for cards or dancing during Holy Week but that some of them have even gone to the theatre in splendid parties on Good Friday night. Lent means nothing to Society—absolutely nothing.

I doubt if most of our fashionable folk would ever know it was Lent but for the jokes in the newspapers, the assiduity of the milliners in keeping alive the custom of getting new bonnets and gowns at Easter, and the efforts of the stationers to keep alive the Easter card custom.

The town is as gay in Lent as in any other time. You will find that the people never once let up in their pursuit of pleasure.

Scarcely a decade ago Lent made a vast difference in the social life of New York, and every other large city in this country. It was a season dreaded by the florists, caterers, milliners, dressmakers and the hundred other purveyors to fashionable needs. The influence of the two communions—the Roman Catholic and the Episcopal—which observe the Lenten fast, was felt even by those of other communions who make no special feature of the season. The young woman of that period would not have thought of dancing during the forty days, save possibly at Mi-Careme, abjured formal dinners and devoted herself to sewing classes, lectures, and especially to attendance upon the daily Lenten services. The young man of the period was quite content to transfer his devotions to his inamorata from the ball room to the church porch, and considered himself fortunate in the opportunities the Lenten church-going afforded for many an afternoon or sometimes an evening walk, and also for the afternoon and evening call, which even the strictest of matrons permitted during the penitential period.

All this is strictly in line with the general breaking down of the rule against amusements in all the more rigorous sects. The Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians have abandoned all pretense of refraining from pleasure. They dance without any qualms of conscience. They go to the theatre. They play cards. They hesitate not to drink wine on occasion. They entertain just as the people of more genial creeds do. The Methodists for instance are strong in St. Louis society and they are just as able to keep up with the pace as people who never were suspected of a disinclination to merriment. The Methodist or Baptist or Presbyterian young person is not less inclined to be a warm number than the young person of any other persuasion. The wealthy folks

do charity, but they do it largely because it is the thing to do. They go to church in St. Louis, because Sunday is a dull day and there's no other place to go. So far as one can see, religion has no conspicuous place in the lives of those who are called Society people. The church fairs that we read about are, as a general thing, not participated in by persons who may be said strictly to be in Society. The real grande dames are not church women at all. They are willing, once in a great while, to lend their names as patronesses to some charity function with a religious flavor, but look over the list of the swells, the leaders, the people who make the going and see if you can tell what church any of them belong to.

Whereas not long ago when "once more the holy season called a solemn fast to keep" the call was heeded, it is to be feared that nowadays the people of the gay world no longer "weep with the priest within the temple walls," no longer exchange waltzes for wailing and polkas for prayers.

Look at the society news. There are no big affairs of course. The Lenten tradition is still strong enough to prevent that. But are the people of means and position penitent? Hardly. They all go visiting and traveling. They are at various resorts in the South where the gayeties of the summer are duplicated, and where, in point of fact, the gayeties are of a somewhat swifter sort than those of the heated term by the seashore.

And the Society folks that stay at home—what of them? Read the papers. Dancing parties, euchre parties, receptions, dinners are still the go. The theatre party is still good form, whereas twenty years ago no person of real position would go to a theatre during Lent. Look at the restaurants and clubs, after the theatre, during Lent. Jammed with people, all gorging themselves as if there were no such word as "fast" in the dictionary, in the sense of self-denial. Society in Lent seems in some respects to enter upon "fast" in its wickedest sense, for the season usually comes near to Spring and there's something in the blood that makes folks skittish at that time. Dancing is not as much indulged in as it used to be, for the reason that young and old have been surfeited with it during the long winter season past, and find more novelty and pleasure in other forms of entertainment. The Lenten dinners are as veritable banquets as those of the winter, and, save in a very few strict households, even the family dinner suffers no diminution in the luxury and variety of wines and viands.

Lent is ignored even by the Catholics and Episcopalians who, in time past, were wont to keep it—by the wealthier folk of those bodies, I mean. The poor keep Lent all the year, to a greater or less extent. The other churches or sects don't pay any attention to Lent, but the fact that they do not, doesn't disguise the fact that the people of the sects that used to be puritanically rigorous against gayety are no longer so. The sects have relaxed, but they have not yet relaxed up to the advanced relaxation of the people.

Cards for money or prizes, cocktails, broad novels, risky plays at the better theatres, vulgarity at the vaudeville, coon-jine and rag-time music and dances all tainted, to a certain extent, with lascivious suggestiveness, excursions to Palm Beach, Hot Springs, Eureka Springs, etc., with love-making and cocktailing and automobiling and golfing and the usual piquant danger of the excessive friendliness of other folks' wives for other folks' husbands—these are the features of Society during Lent.

KAYSERZINN

*Suitable for Wedding Gifts

We have just received a new importation of this popular substitute for silver, comprising Tankards, Punch Bowls, Vegetable Dishes, Water Sets, and numerous articles for table use and ornament.

Does not tarnish, does not corrode.

Exclusive, because we have no duplicates.

J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

MERCANTILE CLUB BUILDING,

Locust and Seventh Streets.

THE MECHANICS' BANK,

ST. LOUIS.

Capital and Surplus, - = \$1,500,000.00

Personal Accounts Solicited.

Letters of Credit and Travelers' Checks Sold.

They are the features of all other times as well,—as we all know. Therefore we may as well admit that Society is Godless. Try to imagine, if you can, a really pious woman in Society. She'd never get anyone to come to her home, if she held to the old views. She never would marry off her daughters. She couldn't stand the up-to-date manners among girls and boys. She wouldn't have free liquors for her callers on the slightest provocation. Society calls pious persons "sankies." Society thinks "religion is a good thing for the lower orders." And in no city in the United States is Society more strongly impressed with this cynicism than in St. Louis—not only in Lent, but all the time.

Religion isn't half as strong an influence for morality as "good form." I know "good form" is based upon the old religious idea, but what I mean is that the people seem to be good and pure simply because they think that it is the mark of respectability, and not from any sense of duty to their own souls or to their Maker.

THE WIFE'S POCKETBOOK.

"The average American husband does not seem to be able to get it through his well-meaning but halting mind that nothing on God's earth humiliates a wife more than to be compelled to ask her husband for money," writes Edward Bok of "The Wife and Her Money," in the March Ladies' Home Journal. "She instinctively hesitates to do it, and oft-times she goes without rather than ask. Every wife should be given all that it is possible for the husband to allow for household expenses, and it should not be doled out to her in dribbles nor given to her as a favor: but as her right, and without question. Over such a share she should have independent sway to do with as she sees fit for the wisest interests of her

home and children. That is one rightful step. But there is still another. She should have an allowance of her own apart from the family share of the income. I have no hesitation in saying that if the truth were known it is just this humiliating dependence upon a man for every little trifle that a woman needs that is making thousands of women restless and anxious for outside careers. This is the only fair excuse I have ever been able to see for the hysterical rantings of the modern advanced woman. In that particular she is right and is absolutely justified in filing a protest. A wife is too great and important a factor in the life of her husband to be made a financial dependent."

WISDOM IN WINE.

She had just hurt her ankle, and waited impatiently for a car. As she climbed aboard she saw that not a seat was unoccupied. Several men were standing, and two had seats. One of these was intoxicated, and she pulled her dress aside with an expression of intense disgust. But the hurt ankle throbbed cruelly, and she turned to the other man, asking timidly:

"Might I have your seat, please? My ankle—"

He looked up from his paper a moment, then turned back with a gruff "No."

She flushed angrily and stepped forward. But the other passenger had taken in the scene and, rising unsteadily, offered his seat with a heavy bow. Then he addressed the gentleman with the paper with a ponderous gravity:

"See 'ere, I'm drunk, but I'll get over it. You're a hog—never get over it."—*University of Chicago Weekly.*

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Mermod & Jaccard's Fine Sterling ($\frac{925}{1000}$) Silver Wares

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Our Catalogue
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Our Silverware Factory, situated on our premises, is fully equipped with expert workmen, and the most improved machinery for the manufacture of Tea Services, Bowls, Pitchers and other Table Wares, Trophies, Prize Cups and other testimonials for colleges, societies and contests of every description. These have gone to all parts of the United States, and have elicited much praise and commendation from the recipients of the same. The saving of middlemen's profits enables us to produce these beautiful objects at the lowest cost. Designs and estimates furnished on request.

Mermod & Jaccard's,

On BROADWAY

Corner
Locust St.

REHEARSING FOR THE CHORUS.

BY OLLIE J. WHITE.

[The action takes place on the Music Hall stage whereon are congregated all varieties of melody-assassins. Some are men, some are women; some are neither, and proud of it. The stage manager sits at a table in the center of the stage. The musical director leans picturesquely on the piano; on his face is a look of stern resolve. The stage hands have washed for the occasion and the air is filled with breathing.]

MISS WASHINGTON BOULEVARD (greeting MISS DELMAR BOULEVARD) Why, you dear thing. I didn't know you were trying to sing these days.

MISS DELMAR BOULEVARD. O yes. I wanted to see how it feels to hold an audience.

MISS W. B. (aside) If she sings she'll have to hold them.

MISS D. B. Who is that strange looking girl talking so loudly?

MISS W. B. Sh— I think she's a professional.

THE PROFESSIONAL. Say, dis is the queerest graft I was ever up against, an' I played wid some pretty queer ones. I was wid a U. T. C. combination, when de "Ghes" dat played de "nigger" doubled de blood-houn' and dere was one scene where he had to bite himself an' he died of blood-poisonin'.

MISS D. B. What does she mean?

MISS W. B. Sh— That's professional language.

PALE GIRL (who looks as if she might have a voice, but sings as if she might not). Mother, this is a terrible ordeal. What if I sh— I should fail?

MOTHER (resignedly) Then you'll have to try comic opera.

MISS W. B. Do you know any real actors?

MISS D. B. Why, I have a brother in the profession.

MISS W. B. Have you?

MISS D. B. Yes. He's an usher at the Olympic.

MISS W. B. The only thing I'm afraid of is the cigarette ordeal.

MISS D. B. Cigarette ordeal?

MISS W. B. Yes. Have you ever seen the picture of a chorus girl without a cigarette in her mouth? I burned a rubber shoe last night to get accustomed to the odor.

MISS D. B. Didn't your family object when you said you were going on the stage?

MISS W. B. No. Father is very religious and when I told him about stage "wings" and the "angel" of the company he thought I'd be free from temptation.

MISS D. B. But "Charlie" objected, didn't he?

MISS W. B. O yes. He said if I went on the stage he'd go into politics.

MISS D. B. Who is that handsome fellow over there? He looks like a tragedian. I am going to ask him about the life. (To stage hand) Is acting hard?

STAGE HAND. Yes, on the audience.

DEEP BASS. I came all the way from New York to join the company, but if I don't get my price I'll go all the way back again.

HIGH TENOR. Well, I came all the way from Chicago to join the company and if I don't get the price I'll have to stay here.

What were you with last season?

DEEP BASS. "The Fireman's Daughter." I played the hose.

HIGH TENOR. What sort of salaries did they pay?

DEEP BASS. Well, I got a milk-ticket and three lithographs of myself.

HIGH TENOR. Who is the girl with the beard?

DEEP BASS. She's the female barytone.

HIGH TENOR. Wonder what she's going to sing.

DEEP BASS. "The Holy City," of course.

HIGH TENOR. Do you admire female barytones?

DEEP BASS. I admired one enough to marry her. Her voice bluffed the iceman out of eleven cents and it costs me thirteen dollars for gas fixtures every time she sneezes.

MISS D. B. (to stage hand)—How much does a good singer make a week?

STAGE HAND. If dey gets hold of a "lobster" dey makes a fortune in a night.

THE MANAGER. (Smiling wearily, now rises.) Give me your attention, please.

There are many of you who have left your happy homes for the uncertainties of a stage career. Some of you have talent—some only health. Of course, in this profession there is always room at the top and in the end talent tells, although it's a slow talker, so if any of you have doubts as to your ability to subsist on one meal a day, consisting of food for reflection and stage biscuits, I think it were well to give up the idea of embarking on this sea of trouble.

(Two stout ladies and a dyspeptic move out slowly.)

THE PROFESSIONAL. Saay, I'm a voode-voul pufformer and I want to break into de Legit. Me name's Lily Teasdale.

MANAGER. Well, Miss Teasdale, who told you that you could sing?

THE PROFESSIONAL. Pat Carmody, the saloon keeper. He told me if I'd stand outside his place and tear off a few bars he'd gimme ten.

MANAGER. What for?

THE PROFESSIONAL. He says me singin' would drive 'em to drink.

MANAGER. Where is your home?

THE PROFESSIONAL. Me home's in heaven. I'm here doin' missionary work.

Saay, do you see de dame by de door? Dat's me kid sister. Saay, Bill, on de corpse, we kin do a rag-time stunt dat'll make 'em gaze.

MANAGER. What were you with last season?

THE PROFESSIONAL. Hopkins offered us six weeks on his circuit, but de judge gave us six months on his.

MANAGER. You were arrested?

THE PROFESSIONAL. Yes,—for somethin' we didn't do.

MANAGER: How was that?

THE PROFESSIONAL: The judge told us to leave town and we didn't do it.

MANAGER. Did you bring any music with you?

THE PROFESSIONAL. Sure, Mike. Listen to dis. (Sings)—

Just because she made dem
Goo-goo eyes
I t'ought I'd win a home
And—

MANAGER. That will do.

THE PROFESSIONAL. Ain't you goin' to try me voice?

MANAGER. I have tried it and found it guilty.

MANAGER. Miss Delmar Boulevard!

MISS D. B. There,—I knew I'd be next. (To Manager). My heart's in such a flutter I don't think I can sing.

MANAGER. We'll tell better after we hear you.

MISS D. B. Here's a song called "Robyn's Answer." I don't know who wrote it. Really I'm so hoarse I'm afraid I'll never get through. (Coughs two musical coughs.)

MANAGER. Now, Miss Boulevard.

MISS D. B. O dear, I believe I've forgotten the words.

MANAGER. O, that's all right. The words never make any difference in opera.

MISS D. B. La, la, la, la.

Season 1901 New Gas Stoves.

The New St. Louis--The World's Fair City.

Either of these GAS STOVES only \$19,
\$2.00 in Cash and \$1.00 a month.



18x18 Ovens.



\$17.00 All Cash

Including Connections.

The New Sheet-Steel Stove,
The Reliable.

18x18 Oven. A Splendid Cooker.
A Beautiful Broiler.



\$17.00—\$2.00 Cash and \$1.00 a month.

\$15.00 ALL CASH.

The Backus Gas Heater and Fixture Co.,

BACKUS BUILDING, 1011 Olive Street.

HEADQUARTERS FOR GOOD GAS GOODS.

MANAGER. That will do, please.

MISS D. B. Do you think I'm in? I know five friends who have promised to come every week just to hear me. (*Anxiously*)—Is the Prima Donna part a long one?

MANAGER. Yes, very long.

MISS D. B. O, that won't worry me. I have a wonderful memory.

MANAGER—(*aside*). She's got enough for a Prima Donna.

(*As she retires she meets a long-haired youth, evidently her brother.*)

LONG HAired YOUTH. Did you get in?

MISS D. B. Of course I did.

LONG HAired YOUTH. Then ask him for a season ticket.

(*A pale young fawn with navy-blue eyes trips lightly up to the manager.*)

PALE FAWN. I have brought a classical selection with me, entitled, "Wouldst, Oh, Wouldst this Heart of Mine."

(*Braces herself and sings*)—

"Wouldst, Oh wouldst this heart of mine."

MANAGER. That's enough. He may have been a friend of yours, but he's no friend of ours—

(*The Basso lopes over to the Manager.*)

MANAGER. Have you ever sung in opera before?

BASSO. I sang with the French Opera Company, of Paris, Mo.

MANAGER. Were you leading man?

BASSO. Well, I got home first.

MANAGER. Have you any music with you?

BASSO. Yes, I have a song called "Asleep in the Deep"—Goes something like this—

"Down, down, he goes to the dark
Depths, below, to the bottom of
The deep blue sea."

MANAGER. Can you get any lower?

BASSO. Yes if you open a trap-door.

MANAGER. Do you object to tights.

BASSO. Not at all. I'll have one with you.

MANAGER. You're engaged.

(*The Female Barytone is called upon and walks over, stroking her beard.*)

FEMALE BARYTONE. I'd like to sing the "Holy City." I think I could make you religious.

MANAGER. Think again.

FEMALE BARYTONE. Well, here's a good song written by Mayor Ziegenhein, entitled "Follow the Light."

MANAGER. We really have no call for Female Barytones. However, if you like you may tear off a few bars.

(*She warbles and two stage hands turn pale. She tries barytone for awhile and when she wearies that portion of her voice she sings bass for a brief period. Her voice sounds like a betrayed phonograph. All make a break for air,*

the Manager and Musical Director walking down Olive street.

MANAGER. When is a singer not a singer?

MUSICAL DIRECTOR. Nine times out of ten.

The Japanese are the best paper makers in the world—that is, for decorative papers. Messrs. Newcomb Bros., corner of Seventh and Locust streets, who are the largest wall paper dealers in the city and the oldest, have an elegant assortment of the Japanese imitation leathers which make the richest mural decoration imaginable. They are also agents for the famous house of Zuber & Co., Rixheim, Alsace, and show lines of their delightful and artistic wall-papers, as well as the products of the best English, French and American houses. Their specialty is interior decoration and their work is in the best houses in the city.

De Wolf Hopper, the popular comedian, was once a witness in a suit for slander, and the opposing counsel in the court-room said: "You are an actor, I believe?" "Yes," replied Hopper. "Is not that a low calling?" "I don't know; but it's so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it." "What was your father's calling, may I ask?" "He was a lawyer," said Hopper.

FRENCHY.

Jane Hading, the famous actress, and Mlle. Calve, the no less famous prima donna, both of whom are now in Cairo, Egypt, gave a dinner jointly, recently, to twenty gentlemen, no women being present, except the hostesses. The purpose was to celebrate their reconciliation after being mortal enemies for ten years. The Hading-Calve feud was once the talk of Paris. Both were greatly interested in the same man, who took a malicious pleasure in alternately preferring one and then the other. He is now happily married and living in Paris. At the conclusion of the banquet Calve and Hading sent him a joint telegram apprising him of the happy event.

"Compared with the justly celebrated Hot Springs of Arkansas, it would not be doing the water of Marlin justice to say: 'It is just as good' for it is a great deal better. It has cured many ailments that refused to yield to its famous rival."

The above is from the February "400," and refers to the World Famous Hot Wells Natural Sanitarium and Health Resort of Marlin, Texas, on the I. & G. N. R. R. Write D. J. Price, G. P. & T. A., Palestine Texas, for descriptive printed matter.

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SNOBBERY IN SPORT.

BY BRIGADIER.

The utter snobbishness and impracticable idiocy of some rulings make by governing bodies composed of members of America's blubber aristocracy caused a deal of trouble among sportsmen last week. The New York Yacht Club, a body of social millionaires, whose fathers made their money in crude cod liver oil, whalebone and guano, set an example of snobbishness that will not be soon forgotten by gentlemen who take interest in sporting affairs. It seems that Thomas Lawson, an American citizen of Boston, is building a yacht called the *Independence*. Mr. Lawson's intention was to compete with all other American boats for the honor of defending the *America's* Cup against the British challenger, an honest tea-merchant named Lipton. Mr. Lawson does not want to have his yacht defend the cup unless she beat any American boat afloat in honest competition, including the boats of the members of the New York Yacht Club. It was the first time in fifty years that any American, outside of that hide-bound club, had built a boat for the purpose of defending the *America's* Cup. At first the New York Yacht Club did not pay much attention to Lawson's boat. It did not think that a good boat could be built in Boston. When the *Independence* developed her lines, the New York Yacht Club became fearful. She looked like a fast boat. She possibly might beat all the boats of the members of the New York Yacht Club. Thereupon the New York Yacht Club informed Mr. Lawson that his boat could not compete in the trial races which will determine which boat shall defend the Cup, unless she was nominated by a member of the New York Yacht Club.

Wouldn't that shiver your timbers? Lawson, who has already spent \$250,000 on the boat, was not good enough to nominate her, because he could not point back to his grandfather as an old pirate who had made his money trading whiskey to Indians for furs. As became a free-born American, Lawson told the New York Yacht Club to go plump to hades, that he would nominate his own boat, that he would not allow any pink-eyed, limpid dude of the New York Yacht Club to nominate anything that belonged to him, that he would enter the boat in the trial races in his own name, and that they might throw her out if they dared.

Meanwhile Lipton, the tea-vendor, without any pedigree, whose father was, upon his own confession, like Dick Dawglas' paternal progenitor "as honest an old fellow as ever sold a ha'p'orth of cheese in a chandler's shop," is good enough to build and nominate his own boat and, in the name of the great British empire, endeavor to win back the Cup, even if England is a monarchy and knee-breeches are *de rigueur* at court functions. It is a good thing that England is a free sporting country. If it were not, there would not be any international yacht race. For when Lord Dunraven made his famous protest after the *Valkyrie* races the English established yacht clubs, the Royal and Albert, refused to have anything further to do with the codfish aristocrats of New York. And after reading about what said autocrats tried to do to Lawson can you blame the English Clubs?

Another bright beauty in this aristocratic gallery of sportsmen is the United States Golf Association. The other day the Toledo Golf Club was refused admission to this association because it did not own a private links. The club plays on a public course, in a park, at Toledo, one of the finest courses, in a playing sense, in the country. But the U. S. G. A. decided that a club which did not own its private course must be composed of "persons" and that it was unworthy of membership among the elite of the U. S. G. A.

The sapheads who made this ruling did not stop to think that if the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, the head fount of golf, made application for membership in their association the same ruling by which they barred Toledo would bar it. The Royal and Ancient Club was founded some 500 years ago. It has never played on anything but a public course, a course where any man, white or black, high or low, may play any day, where the fisherman takes his turn ahead of the king, where the dame of high degree must fall in behind the mechanic who scours her pots. The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews is composed of some of the most elegant men in the world, Americans, English, and Scotch. There is not a "person" in it, even if it does play on a public course.

When the Glen Echo Club of St. Louis wrote the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews announcing a great golf championship tournament in St. Louis, in 1903, and asked its patronage and good will, Col.

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Lockhart, secretary of the club, a man whose forefathers were Scotts who bled with Wallace, wrote a kindly and encouraging letter to President McGrew of St. Louis, saying that the Royal and Ancient Club approved of the plan of the Glen Echo Club and would do everything in its power to make the tournament a success. It was just such a letter as one might expect from a gentleman of any nation. Mr. McGrew, wrote a letter similar to that written Col. Lockhart, to The United States Golf Association. The first thing that eminent golf body did with this courteous epistle was to show it to New York golf reporters and sneer at the pretensions of "persons" in the West. According to the United States Golf Association and the New York golf reporters, England was the only place fit to hold such a tournament. America was not high class enough. The fact that the St. Louis Club was offering professional golfers ten times as much money as any Scotch or English club could or would give was airily overlooked. The St. Louis idea was scouted by such mental giants as R. Badge Kerr, secretary of the United States Golf Association, Champion Amateur Travis and others, as bad taste and offensive presumption on the part of the St. Louis club. Dire prophecies

were made as to with what scathing scorn the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews would treat Mr. McGrew's letter. Mr. Travis said he could "fancy the frost that would settle upon the letter, when it was read to the gentlemen of the St. Andrews Club." He has another fancy coming, now. Col. Lockhart saw that Mr. McGrew's letter was written by a golfer, because Col. Lockhart is a golfer himself. England may be a country of classes. It knows no class in honest sport. It is not the player's social standing they regard over there; it is his excellence in his special line. On the field all men are equal. It does not seem that such is the case in America—at least among the snobs. Sports of the higher kind seem to be social fads, followed for fashion's sake, rather than for any merit of their own. "Society is taking up this sport," says the daily newspaper. Straightway all those who would ape society take it up, too. The intrinsic merits of the sport do not seem to cut any figure. The other day a Chicago dame of fashion said that golf had run its day, that archery was the coming "society" sport. Can it be that the intrinsic merits of a pastime do not appeal to Americans with social aspirations? Have sports no qualities of their own to hold their followers?

Not long ago Mr. W. B. Finney, the brilliant sporting editor of the St. Louis Star, a young St. Louisan, with a pedigree void of codfish, boldly wrote that Englishmen were better sportsmen than Americans, in fact that Americans were not sportsmen at all. It was a broad and courageous statement, if scarcely a well-founded one. Mr. Finney is a native American. I was not born one. Yet the best sportsmen and finest gentlemen I have known have been Americans, and I have seen a deal of the sportsmen of all classes, on both sides of the water. Still, when you come to think about it, can the "society man," who takes up sport, not because he likes it, but because society decrees it,—can such a man be as good a sportsman as the Englishman who takes up a sport because he loves it for itself alone? Of course he cannot.

This being the case we must vote the aristocrat of England, Ireland, Scotland, and other countries, a better sportsman than the "society man" of the United States. But it by no means follows that the small boy of London, who revels in cricket, is any better sportsman than the American lad who plays "ke'ch," up alleyways, during the dinner hour. For these, at least, play their game because they love it, not because it is a fad. I believe in an aristocracy of birth, blood, and brains, in aristocracies of all kinds, save that of money. But there should not be any classes known to sport, save such classes as the competition in the sport itself provides.

A CURE.

Captain Evan Howell, of Georgia, was talking the other day in Washington, D. C., to Senator Platt about insomnia. "Now, suh," he said, "I have a sure cure for insomnia, and it is as simple as it is sure. When you go to bed and can't sleep, get up and take a drink. Go back to bed and wait half an hour. If you do not go to sleep, get up and take another drink. Repeat this, suh, at intervals of half an hour. If you do not go to sleep for four times, making four drinks, then, suh, if you are not asleep, you will not care whether you sleep or not."

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The Bulletin Press Association, New York

THE BUFFALO LUNACY.

BY HY BALL.

Americans have a craze for orders. It is an outbreak like measles. It extends through all classes and professions. Everybody is wearing some order's button in his coat lapel, or some order's insignia, wrought into a charm, on his watch-chain. You can't shake hands with anyone without feeling him fumble you for some grip, or greeting you with some enigmatic pass-word. It is all a craze. There's no other word for it.

It is immensely amusing to foreigners, like Mr. Douglas Story, who see in it only a failure of democracy or republicanism to hold men. These foreigners think it's of a kind with the madness of the American girls for titled husbands. They think it's an evidence that we are craving monarchical form and ceremony and decoration. Perhaps they are right. But, right or wrong, the whole elaborate monkey-business is becoming a nuisance. We can understand some of the older secret orders, their mummeries and flummeries, their gorgeous paraphernalia, etc. We can understand the White Rats, White Mice, even the Elks, or the order of Moose, that "busted," or the later order of Eagles, that has been taking in the bartenders and sports and men about town of the grosser cast. They are for a purpose. They are more defensible than the Colonial Dames, Daughters of the Revolution, etc. There is even a shadowy defense to be made for the Loyal Legion and the Sons of Veterans, etc., though they do tend to build up classism and class feeling under cover of patriotism. But what excuse under heaven can be made for the latest order that is over-running the land like a pestilence?

Are you a Buffalo?

There is only one correct answer to this question these days, and that can only be learned by initiation. If you have not

been asked the question already, you are behind the times, but no one need worry—it will come sooner or later. And when it comes you will likely remember it for some time.

The Buffaloes is the name of a new secret order that sprang up, no one knows where, and spread over the entire country, in almost no time. Several men in every town will tell you that they organized it and perhaps all of them think they did. It is organized, however, and that good and plenty, for every true Buffalo becomes thoroughly organized at the time of his initiation. When you are first asked the question by some one who knows, and you express a desire to learn what he is talking about, he will take you into a small corner and ask you for eleven cents. That is your initiation fee. You will not have the exact change, or, if you do, it will spoil half the fun. You will, at least, hand him a quarter or perhaps a dollar, thinking to give him trouble in making such odd change.

But it won't worry him a bit. He will put your money in his pocket and then he will tell you how to reply to the question, "Are you a Buffalo?" He will show you the grip. Besides, he will tell you that if you are ever caught drinking with your right hand you are "stuck" for the drinks for all Buffaloes present. You will perhaps ask for your change, but you will be informed that it is against the principles for any Buffalo to give back anything handed him and he will relieve you by saying that you will not be a "full" Buffalo until he has spent the money you gave him in drinks. And this is perfectly true, for when the very first drink is ordered you will forget and lift it in your right hand, and the bartender will tell you that you must pay for the drinks. You will be very lucky if you are not a "full" Buffalo long before your money is spent. And that is why everybody laughs when they hear the question, "Are you a Buffalo?"

The Order of Buffaloes has swept the country more rapidly than any similar organization ever dreamed of. That is probably because it appeals forcibly to the class of people who travel from place to place all the time. Theatrical people, traveling men, every sort of man, is fast being initiated into the order, and when it has reached every one its existence will probably cease for want of more people to sell.

Now, after you've read all this, what is your thought concerning the matter? You'll say that the thing isn't worth thought. But that's only half true. Has the thing any sense whatever? It has not. Is it funny? It is not. Does it rank in intelligibility even with the games of children? It does not. Is it not sheer parietic imbecility? If not, 'tis very much like it.

There's no point to the thing. It's a bad practical joke to get a man drunk. That is the main result of the order's workings. The order was effective in the hands of a confidence man, the other day. He caught a "rube" and asked him for 11 cents. "Rube" handed over a \$100 bill. "Con" kept the change. When "rube" protested he was told that was the way he was initiated into the Buffaloes.

It is all a "sell," but it isn't a funny one, and it never was funny. The more one thinks of the matter, the more one is convinced that it is a sign that, coincident with our expansion as a world-power, our enormous prosperity, our vast business success, our imperialism and conquest, there is growing and spreading a sort of softening of the brain through all elements of the population.

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Such crazes had runs in old Rome, about the times of Tibullus and Martial. The populace had fads over absolutely meaningless rites,

and idiotic words would throw people into paroxysms of insane mirth, and these rites and mummeries took the form of practical

jokes of a similar, though worse, character than keeping the change or getting men drunk.

Are you a Buffalo? The question always suggests another to me: Are we all getting paranoïa. We seem to be drifting back to superstitions and rites, through our alleged progress away from such things. We are becoming more superstitious and silly than ever were the much pitied folks of the Dark Ages. People who flatter themselves that they have sense should pull themselves together to discourage the Buffalo lunacy.

O YAM.

BY SUI SIN FAH.

[This story, by Miss Sui Sin Fah, was published in *The Land of Sunshine* for November. Of the author, the editor of the magazine, Mr. Charles F. Lummis, says:

"This 'Chinese Lily' (for that is the translation of Sui Sin Fah) was born in 1868 in Macclesfield, Cheshire, England; her father was an English merchant in Shanghai, and there married her mother, a Chinese lady of rank and beauty. Her education was limited by reverses before she was 12; and ever since she grew to woman's estate she has supported herself as a stenographer. What her other wanderings have been, I do not know, but her stories have come from Montreal, Seattle, San Francisco and the Island of Jamaica; and last year we had the pleasure of a visit from our little 'Chinese Contributor.' She is a wee, spiritual body, too frail to retain much strength for literature after the day's bread-winning; with the breeding that is a step beyond our strenuous Saxon blood, and a native perception as characteristic. For all her father, she is evidently her mother's daughter—a Chinawoman transplanted and graduated. And her work has poignant intuition for her people that makes it good to all who understand that literature is, after all, something more than words. They are its skin-deep beauty—its birth-right, indeed, but its minor organ. For, like woman, literature must have a heart."

It was a southern California village, a picturesque spot, where summer held sway all the year 'round, and sea and mountain air mingled. Searchers for health basked in its sunshine and tourists wandered among its flower-buried cottages and crumbling ruins; for there, in times gone by, a Spanish mission had stood.

Five years ago Wo Kee had come to the village, bought a piece of ground outside its limits, built a little shack and started a market garden for the purpose of supplying the community with the succulent vegetables a Chinaman knows so well how to raise. His garden thrived, and his little daughter, O Yam, thrived with it. She was a pretty little thing, and when she first appeared before the villagers, attired in tiny scarlet vest, mauve jacket and trousers, her six-year-old cuteness quite captivated the hearts of the ladies, who became her father's patrons. From that time she grew amongst Wo Kee's asparagus, artichokes and vegetable marrows, as happy as a bird; trotting after her father as he worked around his garden, running to and fro for the old woman who cooked their meals, or talking broken English to the ladies who were wont to pass that way, and who always stopped for a few words with the quaint little maid. One lady was so interested that she made a request to Wo Kee that O Yam should be sent to her house every day for the purpose of learning all that a little American girl should know—for O Yam was a native daughter of the Golden State, even though she did wear a long braid, interwoven with many colored silks, hanging down her back and reaching almost to the heels of her tiny, embroidered shoes. But though Wo Kee agreed to the proposal, O Yam would not be weaned from

her father's side for even one hour out of the twelve. There was only one person in the world for her, and that was her father. And Wo Kee's love for the child and his care for her were such that those whose knowledge of the Chinese was limited to books could not help but express surprise.

"Ah, no," said Wo Kee one day, "not true that all Chinamen not care for girl-child. Some think son better for honor family, and some, too poor to keep girl, put her away, but parent-love parent-love always, boy or girl."

Like all Chinamen living in America, Wo Kee was subjected to considerable annoyance from thoughtless boys. One day a number of them, passing his garden and seeing him there, began to pitch earth and pebbles on his back, at the same time making remarks on his dress and features.

Wo Kee paid no attention whatever to his tormentors, but a little figure suddenly appeared on top of the garden fence, and with much childish dignity said:

"Boys, foolish! has not my father a spirit that be much respect-worthy, and if that be so, what matter his face and his coat be not like yours. It be the spirit, not the nose, you ought to love and respect."

O Yam was then 11 years old, and though the boys laughed, they could not help feeling small.

And now word had come from 'Frisco that Wo Kee, who had been called to the big city to see a sick cousin, had met with an accident and was dying—would die that night.

It was the telegraph operator's mother and sisters who carried the news to the Chinaman's little daughter, and explained that if it had been possible for her to see her father before he died, they would have taken her to him; but, although the railway ran past the village, the nearest railway station could not be reached within four hours, and the north-going train was due to pass there in two hours.

O Yam received the news quietly—so quietly, indeed, that the women wondered amongst themselves, and after the old Chinese woman had closed the door of the little shack upon them, remarked on the strange and stoical behavior of the Chinese people in general and one little girl in particular. But even as they spoke a small hand plucked at their skirts.

"I go see my father," O Yam said; and there was resolution in her voice.

"Come home with me, poor little dear!" coaxed the old lady, taking O Yam's hand and seeking to lead her along. But the child would not be persuaded, and darted from her.

Presently the youngest, who was walking behind the others, cried: "Mother! Mother! Look at O Yam."

They were standing on a hill below which ran the railway track, and between the rails stood O Yam holding aloft a broom. Tied to the sweeping and upper end of the broom was a magenta silk garment—O Yam's best blouse. It fluttered in the breeze like a banner, and stretched itself out as if to greet the approaching train—not five minutes' distance off.

"O Yam! O Yam!" the women screamed, clinging to one another.

And to their straining ears was borne: "If I no see my father to-night, I no be live."

They understood then; the child was risking her life to see her father die.

"Good Lord!" cried one, "it is the fast

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express, and the chances are a hundred to one that it will go over her."

The train thundered down. Its breath was on the child.

The sisters covered their eyes; their mother fell on her knees murmuring a prayer.

But the chance in a hundred was vouchsafed to O Yam. The train stopped—almost too late. And Wo Kee died that night with his little daughter's arms around him.

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THE CLOUD.

When light first dawned upon the startled Earth,

In storm and wild confusion I had birth;
Tossed by impetuous winds on every side,
I traversed countless leagues of fiery air,
Filled with dull thunder or the lightning's glare,

Wondering at God's omnipotence and pride.

From chaos and from nothingness I came,
Borne on the wings of a creative flame;
While, far below me, I could hear the roar
And exultation of the new-born seas,
Moaning their joy of life unto the breeze,
Beating with jubilant waves upon the shore.

God willed that I for centuries should roam,
With rest denied, upon their breasts of foam,
Gazing upon a sad, unpeopled strand,
Until the glory of His might appeared,
And rugged trees with swaying boughs upreared
Their leafy loveliness at His command.

Sweet birds were born and flew for shelter there;
Blithe carolings of rapture filled the air;
And, lo, upon the grassy slopes below
I saw strange monsters in the rivers wade,
And hideous serpents writhing in the shade,
Or basking in the sunlight's freshest glow.

Drifting from mountains of eternal ice
To balmy islands redolent with spice,
I marked the silent progress of His power.
And from my bosom on the pregnant plain
Issued the fecund ripple of my rain,
While the young Earth became one blooming bower.

I could not know the fate God held for me,
And, passive, wandered over land and sea,
Now black with storms, now lurid with swift fire;
And when the tempests ceased and were no more,
To starry heights in silence I would soar,
A slave of God, unconscious of desire.

Of gold auroras I would form a part,
Or linger, swooning, in the torrid heart
Of angry Hecla thundering forth its praise
In fiery showers ascending to God's throne;
And then again for countless years, alone,
I passed in calm the uneventful days.

The glorious bow of Heaven in luminous light
Lent me its various hues, and in the night
The gentle stars guided my path through space,
And I enjoyed the inestimable boon

Of floating o'er the white brow of the moon,
And gazing on the marvel of its face.

Strange changes came, but brought me no release;

My aimless journey was not doomed to cease,
And ages passed before I saw the Earth
By God into an Eden of beauty wrought;
While Man, created, like myself, from naught,
Had, in this awful lapse of time, found birth.

His seed had flourished, and on every side,
I, marveling, saw the traces of his pride,
Cities and temples, monuments and towers.
Music was born, while mirth usurped dull fear,
And from my azure birthplace I could hear
Melodious reeds that charmed the weary hours.

No longer was I hurried by the storms,
But over Babel I could count the forms
Of rebel mortals who had dared aspire
To scale high Heaven, and I saw their woe
When God no more withheld the avenging blow,
But filled their fields and cities with His fire.

And, lo, base Sodom, in its odious shame,
I saw destroyed in vivid sheets of flame,
That volleyed thro' me rushing thro' the skies;
And after, by a sceptered king's command,
I saw grave nations toiling in the sand,
From which gigantic Cheops was to rise.

Wafted by shifting winds from shore to shore,
I gazed upon the splendors of Lahore,
Its golden domes and avenues of palms,
Where dusky bayaderes, with jeweled hands,
Danced by the moon lascivious sarabands,
Reeking with unguents and delicious balms.

Where Nankin's porcelain turrets pierce the sky,
Free from alarming storm, I wandered by
And saw the haughty, dragoned flags unfurled
O'er golden kiosks, where Mongol warriors pass,
And where the Hoang-ho, thro' the flowery grass,
Like some huge, silver serpent, idly curled.

Bel-Shar-Uzzur upon his ivory throne
In mighty Babylon I saw alone;
And in the spicy temples of great Bel
I saw each virgin that was once Ishtar's,
With eager lips and eyes that beamed like stars,
Pray that Mylitta would her bliss foretell.

Karnac and Memphis, Nineveh and Tyre
Taught me their life, their tumult, their desire,
And o'er the sparkling seas of misty foam
I saw great Caesar in his chariot stand,
A glave victorious in his valiant hand,
Hailed by the exultant clamorings of Rome.

Then came a day of wonderment and pain
To me, poor wanderer over hill and plain,
To me, who trembled at the odious sight;
For subtle powers urged me from lea to lea,
Until, beneath me, I again could see
Jerusalem all glittering in light.

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And, lo, great crowds of frenzied people
crushed
The paths of Pilate's palace as they rushed,
Driving before them, with atrocious cries,
A pale, meek, suffering man, who made
no sign,
But stood in sorrow, beautiful, divine,
With thorn-crowned brows and pardon in
His eyes.

They dragged Him forth to Calvary and
death;

I heard the hurried flutter of His breath,
And saw Him bend beneath the cross He
bare.

Helpless, I heard the crushing of each
nail,

Piercing His palms, and saw His brow
turn pale,

But no appeal for mercy rent the air.

The bearded soldiers pricked Him with their
spears,

The rabble laughed and shouted at His tears,
While gall was tendered to His blistered
lips,

Till, suddenly, he prayed—and then the
skies

Were rent asunder, and His suppliant
eyes

Gazed on the heavens' wrath in strange
eclipse.

The florid day changed to a sudden night,
While people fled in tumult and affright,
And dizzy lightnings warned them of their
doom:

But He was left upon the cross to die,
Without a guardian, prayer, or pitying
eye

To cheer the odious pathway to the tomb.

And, lo, He perished in His nameless pain,
While from my breast there fell consoling
rain,

Too late, alas, His sufferings to allay;
And in the midnight those who loved
Him came,

His tortured body as their own to claim,
And with hot tears they carried it away.

* * * * *

Then I remained in wonder and surprise,
Deprived of motion in the sultry skies,
Until three dawns had passed; then
subtler change

Passed through me as I lingered calmly
still,

Mute and obedient to a higher will,
Filled with presentiments divine and
strange.

A something sweet, and mystic, and divine,
A feeling all mysterious was mine;

I felt a buoyant gladness uncontrolled,
While, lo, a dazzling change came over
me,

And people on the plains below could
see,

With marveling eyes, that I had turned to
gold.

Radiant, resplendent, I hung breathless
there,

When, lo, approaching through the silent
air,

A resurrected shape forsook the sod,
And, ere I knew my happiness unpriced,
I felt the pure and spotless form of
Christ,

Pass through me on the way to meet His
God.

Francis Saltus Saltus.

* * *

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"LADIES OF THE GARTER."

The creation of Queen Alexandra as a Lady of the Garter is the revival of an old practice usual in the early history of that order. Although nothing is now known of the form of admitting ladies into its ranks, the description applied to them in the records during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries leaves no doubt that they were regularly received into it. The queen consort, the wives and daughters of knights and some other women of exalted position were designated "Dames de la Fraternite de St. George," and entries of the delivery of robes and garters to them are found at intervals in the wardrobe accounts from 1376 to 1495. The effigies of Margaret Byron, wife of Sir Robert Harcourt, K. G., at Stanton Harcourt, and of Alice Chaucer, wife of the Duke of Suffolk, K. G., at Ewelme, which date from the reign of Henry VI and Edward IV, have garters on their left arms.

In 1637 an attempt was made to revive the practice of issuing the ensigns of the order to ladies. The chancellor of the order moved the sovereign that the wives of the

Knights Companions might have the privilege of wearing "a garter of the order about their arms, and an upper robe at festive times, according to ancient usage." The matter was referred by Charles I to the queen, and another chapter was appointed for the purpose of taking it into final consideration. But, owing to circumstances over which Charles I had no control, nothing further was done, and it has remained for King Edward VII to revive a practice which lapsed more than four centuries ago.—*London Chronicle*.

WISDOM.

An Eastern newspaper complains that the toilet room for women in Pullman cars is only big enough for one person at a time, whereas the men are given ample space for several to dress at once. Does this unsophisticated Eastern editor fancy that, if the women's compartment were big enough to accommodate ten the first arrival would not lock the door and let the others wait their turn?—*Kansas City Star*.

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ACTORS IN THE ARMY.

Recently some player folk gathered to pay their last respects to an actor who had passed away. An American flag on the casket showed that he had been a soldier also. Flowers were the tributes of his friends; the flag the tribute of the entire nation.

There was a time, says "Judge" Horton, in the *Dramatic Mirror*, when there were a large number of veterans of the Civil War in the profession, and while they are fast thinning out, the few that are left are much in evidence.

Louis James was a member of the famous Ellsworth Zouaves. A year or two before the war these young fellows drilled until they resembled a machine rather than a body of

men, so accurate were their movements. They visited the principal cities of the country giving exhibitions. At the breaking out of the war Colonel Ellsworth recruited a regiment of 1,200 men from the New York Volunteer Fire Department. This regiment was known as the Eleventh New York Volunteers (First Fire Zouaves), and many of the original members became officers.

In May, 1861, the Eighty-fourth New York Volunteers, better known as the Fourteenth, of Brooklyn, a Zouave organization, started for the front, and in its ranks marched Sam Devere. In the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Infantry Joseph P. Keefe carried a musket in the company commanded by the late Lawrence Barrett. Gus Williams

enlisted in the Eighty-fourth Indiana Infantry on Aug. 1, 1862, and was honorably discharged Aug. 1, 1865, at the close of the war. Hi Henry became a soldier in the Sixty-fourth New York Infantry and was later detailed as a mounted bearer of dispatches. The father of Ezra Kendall was an officer in this same regiment and was killed at the battle of Fair Oaks, Va., June 1, 1862.

Buffalo Bill was in the service during the war as a scout. Joseph J. Dowling, at the age of thirteen years, was a drummer in Company I, Twenty-ninth Iowa Infantry, and John P. Hill was a trooper in Company C of the First Michigan Cavalry. Major John E. Burk, who introduced the "lightning

zouave drill" to the stage, served in the Fourth New York Infantry (Scott's Life Guard). Robert J. Cutler was a member of the Ninth New York Infantry (Hawkins' Zouaves). D. H. Harkins, Frank Weston, Charles Sturges, Edward Bull, Joe Gorton, "Bony" Hodges, Hank Goodman, Burt G. Clark and "Pop" Wiggins all have war records.

The wedding invitations, so much in use in the most exclusive social circles, because always correct in form, and of the finest material and engravings, are executed in the stationery factory of Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and ocust.

ATTACKING APOSTLE PAUL.

BY JAMES IRVING CRABBE.

The number of books devoted to comment on the Bible has been largely increased by the higher criticism. Some of them have been of a devout character, the authors seeking to amplify or apologize for what, for fifteen or sixteen centuries, has been considered too sacred for apology. Others have been of a purely critical character calculated to shake the confidence of the weaker brethren in the inspiration of the canon of Holy Scripture. Of this latter kind is "To Nazareth or Tarsus?" It is by the author of "Not on Calvary," "The First Millennial Faith," etc. Those who have seen the first-named of these works will take warning not to read the latest production of a severe critic, and it is merely a question of time when this and his other books will be placed on the *Index Expurgatorius*—for if they are not distinctly heretical then there never was such a thing as heresy.

The author of "To Nazareth or Tarsus?" has woven a romance around his "higher criticism" having as its hero an ideal character who is styled merely "The Man" and is never referred to in any other way. This hero is an unwinged angel, who spends his leisure hours in ministering to those who need assistance. In the first chapter he is introduced as the sufferer from the infidelity of his wife. Next he steps between a foolish virgin and a villain and saves the prospective victim.

With this outline of romance, as the sugar-coating to a bitter pill, The Man calls upon a clergyman, *Rev. James Underwood*, and, under the guise of seeking religious pabulum, falls foul of that poor clergyman with regard to St. Paul the Apostle, his inspiration, theology, etc.

From the third chapter to the tenth The Man and the Preacher fight for and against the Pauline theology, though there is a lapse into romance in the fifth chapter, in which The Man befriends a burglar on his liberation from jail, takes him into his service as hostler and makes him an honest man.

Returning to the theological discussion (in which, eventually, the cleric gets the worst of it and has to write to his adversary, refusing to continue the discussion) The Man proceeds to criticize Saint Paul. He claims that there is a choice between two conclusions. Either (I) The Gospels that give in detail the life of Christ, His mission, miracles, death and resurrection, purposely omit to convey a system of theology—this omission being due to those whom Christ chose as His historians, and that, later, He revealed this system to Paul the Apostle, and through him to the world: or, (II) that Christ did not comprehend this mission and so did not recognize while on earth the need of revealing to mankind that system of theology and that theory of His office—a knowledge of which was essential to an availing of the benefits of His life and death; and so a later revelation was needed, and this came through St. Paul.

The alternative proposition hinted at is, that neither of these conclusions was true.

Absorbed in the study of Saint John's Gospel one evening he comes to the verse where Christ accusing His persecutors, the Jews, says, "Ye seek to kill me . . . ye are of your father, the devil . . . he was a murderer from the beginning." He reads these words in connection with the Pauline passage, "Without shedding of blood there is no

remission of sins," and draws the inference that the two divine personalities were "unable to effect the atoning sacrifice without the co-operation of that fallen angel whom they had deposed from heaven?" But why should Satan take this part, if it was to result in his own overthrow?

Pondering this knotty point he meditates "seeking place in the Roman Communion," because "it forbade such vain searching after truth," and claimed "the possession of authoritative revelation of truth." If he had done so, of course, this book would not have been written, because the Roman Church claims that "all down the ages it had received fresh revelations of the Divine will, and had received them twice within the Nineteenth Century." He thereupon denies the revelation, accepts that definition of faith, "the gift of God that enables you to believe what you know isn't true"—and continues to worry over the questions, "Was it from choice or necessity that God admitted the devil as co-worker in the plan of salvation?" and "Why did the Lord denounce those who were necessary instruments in carrying out the Divine plan of salvation?"

The Man then devotes himself to a study of the Pauline books with the view of analyzing the character of the Apostle. He comes to the conclusion that it is the most complex character he has ever investigated.

While Paul is, "*facile princeps*," the Christian poet of the First Century," he comes to the conclusion that the apostle's mind was disordered and accordingly pities him for his sufferings, while his "contempt is reserved for those who have refused to recognize Paul's incapacity to develop a system of Christian theology; who have accepted his vagaries as Divine truth, and have demanded their general acceptance."

Not that Paul is entirely wrong, according to this critic. He recognizes in him an earnest seeker after righteousness, but this admission is blotted, so to speak, with the context "he was saturated with an intense egotism that gave its color to his beliefs and utterances." For the pure faith bequeathed to the simple Galilean fishermen was substituted the "metaphysical subtleties" clearly traceable to the malign influence of an intellectual pride, "which had its impulse in the scholastic vanity of Saul of Tarsus, who held in such unmistakable contempt the message given to those whom our Lord had chosen as His apostles."

The principal charge of this critic—that Paul had a disordered imagination—he attempts to show by the Apostle's own statement that "he was possessed by an influence, independent of himself, that impelled him to do wrong," and quotes Romans vii. 25, "So then I myself with the mind serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin." Taking this statement as literally personal, instead of as intended by Saint Paul, as generally illustrative of the inherent sin of all men, seems an *ex parte* argument. But the author, or The Man, claims that he, too, has an eidolon or demon—"in common with every friend who has co-operated with me in my investigations") which is the cause of all the evil that he (and his friends) do. That Paul who claimed inspiration and a special revelation should have such a devil or malign obsession he cannot understand.

Many pages are devoted to Paul's illogical doctrine in regard to the relations of free will to God. The Man finds the Apostle claiming God's irresponsibility to man in some texts, and in others, claiming man's entire responsibility to God, and escaping



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this inconsistency by the figure of the potter and the clay.

He charges Paul with not rebuking the custom of being baptized for the dead (referred to I. Corinthians XV., 29), and claims that it justifies the doctrine of Purgatory, and saying masses for the dead.

More serious is the charge that Paul did not recognize Christ as the *Logos* of Saint John's Gospel. In I. Corinthians VIII., 6, he refers to "the Father of whom are all things, and Jesus Christ *through* whom are all things," which he says is like the *Logos* of Plato, and not that of Saint John.

Not less pointed are his charges that Paul was steeped with Pharisaism, self-absorbed, bitter towards the Apostles, and that his life

and the doctrines he preached are repugnant to Christ's teaching and His gospel.

The Apostle having been thus severely dealt with—and only a few of the indictments have been alluded to in this review—the author resumes his romance at Chapter X., and for seven chapters enlarges on The Man's greatness and generosity, and how he married and "lived happily ever afterward."

In the concluding chapter The Man takes a "last fall" at the Apostle, with the view of proving that he was insane, from the manner in which he refers to the female sex, and quotes many passages to prove the alleged self-contained egotism of Paul.

This is a species of theological discussion, evidently intended, not for the scholastic or

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the divine, but for that often-quoted personage, "the man in the street." Whether he will be induced to enter into the diagnosis of Pauline dogma and doctrine by virtue of the story of a man who married his housekeeper remains to be seen. "To Nazareth or Tarsus?" may be justified by such other religious stories as "Quo Vadis," "Ben Hur," etc., but it seems like taking an unfair advantage of the average reader. However, those who like romances blended with theology should take kindly to this work. For those who revere the man of Tarsus and the Pauline canon, it will be strictly tabooed for, from first to last, it is as iconoclastic as the most bitter opponent of revealed religion could desire. [J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York. Price \$1.]

BERNHARDT DUCK HUNTING.

Mme. Bernhardt is an excellent shot—not a fancy target markswoman nor a "ringer of bells" in shooting galleries, but fond of genuine sport. During her stay at New Orleans she made arrangements to go hunting with Rapho, the most famous Creole duck hunter of the Louisiana marshes.

Mme. Bernhardt planned so that no one might know in advance of her hunting expedition. A special train was in waiting on the Louisville & Nashville tracks at 2 o'clock Sunday morning. At a quarter past 2 a carriage drove up, and Mme. Bernhardt stepped down. The conductor took the satchel from the maid, who returned to the carriage and drove off. The conductor waved his lantern and the train pulled out with the actress, guide and assistants aboard.

Chef Mentour—twenty-five miles from New Orleans—was reached in thirty minutes. Guns, bags and luggage were tumbled out. A pirogue was in waiting, and in a moment more they were being pulled over the waters between the low reeds for the hunting grounds.

Three miles away Rapho ran the pirogue into a clump of marsh grass, on the edge of a lagoon, the selected blind, helped Mme. Bernhardt out, and drew the pirogue into the dry grass, so that it might be concealed from view. Then they sat, one at either end of the pirogue, waiting for the break of day.

At dawn the ducks began to pass, and Mme. Bernhardt grasped her shotgun like a veteran. Bang! and three fine specimens were brought down. There was barely time to reload when a lumbering flock of mallard

came along. Both barrels of the actress' gun were used, and she got two, after which Rapho took a right and left one with each barrel. There were sixteen ducks to their credit when they got back to the city.

BARS BRIDGE WHIST.

The Machioness of Londonderry, who, in spite of being a grandmother, remains one of the most beautiful and stately women in London and one of the acknowledged leaders, of society, has set her face against the prevailing craze for bridge whist, which has attained altogether phenomenal proportions there, the gambling having reached an absolutely ruinous point.

At a big dinner which she gave at Londonderry house some nights ago, and which was followed by a large reception, she insisted that there should be no bridge whist played beneath her roof.

Inasmuch as Lady Londonderry is one of the foremost hostesses in London, the vast wealth of her husband enabling her to entertain in the most lavish style, the stand which she has taken against the game bids fair to impair its vogue. For there are few who would care to rebel against the dictates of the marchioness, who, to a great extent, has the power of making or marring the position of people in society, nor are there any who care to expose themselves to finding the doors of Londonderry house closed in their faces.

It is understood that in taking this step Lady Londonderry, who is a sister of Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot, the premier earl of England, has the support of other great ladies, such as the Duchess of Portland and Buccleuch, and that they have been led to adopt this course by the scandals resulting from several young girls becoming involved in enormous losses at the card table, losses resulting in the ruin of all their prospects in life.

HARRY LEHR TO MARRY.

It has been widely talked in fashionable circles of New York that Harry Lehr and Mrs. John Vinton Dahlgren have become engaged. Mrs. Dahlgren is one of the four daughters of the late Joseph Drexel of Philadelphia, each of whom inherited ten million dollars. She married John Vinton Dahlgren, who comes of distinguished lineage. He was extremely aesthetic in his views and

FOR EASTER?

YES.



cared nothing for society. Most of his associates were clergymen. He died two years ago, professing the Roman Catholic faith. Lehr is still a curiosity of notoriety in the ultra-fashionable set.

BOLD SURGERY.

A remarkable story is told in a Danish medical periodical relative to the treatment of a patient who had become asphyxiated from the administration of chloroform. The operating surgeon was a certain Dr. Maag, but the method which he employed had previously been suggested by Dr. Pruss, of Lemberg.

A laborer, 27 years old, who had suffered from sciatica, was to be operated upon to relieve that trouble. Chloroform was given and the operation begun. The patient struggled, however, and when the process of anæsthesia was carried further he stopped breathing. Several expedients were resorted to in order to restore respiration, but in vain. And there was no longer any pulse.

In this emergency Dr. Maag opened the chest, detached portions of the third and fourth ribs two and a half inches long, and turned them back with the flap of flesh. Through the opening thus made, he thrust his hand. The heart was firmly grasped

and compressed rhythmically. After a few squeezes that organ began to beat naturally. It was necessary to employ compression again at times, and also to inflate the lungs artificially. But by these means the patient was kept alive for eleven hours and a half and Dr. Maag is inclined to believe that the man would have recovered were it not that one of the pleura was accidentally punctured.

—New York Tribune.

A CANDID POET.

I'm sick of all this puling trash
And namby-pamby rot—
A Pegasus you have to thrash
To make him even trot.
I'm sick of all this poppycock
In bilious green and blue;
I'm tired to death of taking stock
Of everything that's "new."
I want to find a warm beechwood,
And lie down and keep still;
And swear a little, and feel good;
Then loaf up on the hill,
And let the spring houseclean my brain,
Where all this stuff is crammed,
And let my heart grow sweet again;
And let the Age be damned.

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STEALING CHORISTERS.

The choirmasters of Philadelphia, tired of
strenuously stealing one another's choir
boys, have come together and formally
agreed, in writing, to do this no more. Boys
with sweet, well-trained voices are always
rare, and for a number of years the choir-
masters have been weaning them away from
each other—"stealing" them, the despoiled
masters would call the deed—which would
be accomplished with bribes, offers of larger
salaries and much secret soliciting. It was
all quite unfair, because he who had trained
a boy's voice had a right to it until it
changed. The masters knew this, but each
one continued to steal because all the others
did likewise. Of late, however, the thefts
had grown so frequent, and so much bitter-
ness between the masters had arisen, that a
meeting was recently called, and an agree-
ment drafted. This provides that choir-
masters shall make no effort, and permit no
effort to be made, to induce boys to leave
one choir for another. Each shall admit in-
to his choir no boy who is a member of an-
other choir, and none shall engage any boy
who was discharged for misconduct by any
signer of the agreement. In future, now,
the choirmasters will feel more pleasantly
toward one another. —Philadelphia Record.

THE NEUTRAL.

The world was full of battle—
The whole world, far and wide;
Men and women and children
Were fighting on either side.

I was sent from the hottest combat
With a message of life and death,
Black with smoke and red with blood
Weary and out of breath,

Forced to linger a moment
And bind a stubborn wound,
Cursing the hurt that kept me back
From the fiery battle ground,

When I found a cheerful stranger,
Calm, critical, serene,
Well sheltered from all danger,
Painting a battle scene.

He was cordially glad to see me—
The coolly smiling wretch—
And inquired with admiration,
"Do you mind if I make a sketch?"

So he had me down in a minute,
With murmurs of real delight;
My "color" was "delicious;"
My "action" was "just right!"

And he prattled on with ardor
Of the moving scene below;
Of the "values" of the smoke-wreaths,
And the "splendid rush and go,"

Of the headlong desperate charges
Where a thousand lives were spent;
Of the "massing" in the foreground
With the "middle distance" blent.

Said I: "You speak serenely
Of the living death in view;
These are human creatures dying—
Are you not human, too?"

"This is a present battle
Where all men strive to-day;
How does it chance you sit apart?
Which is your banner, say?"

His fresh cheek blanched a little,
And he answered with a smile
That he fought not on either side;
He was watching a little while.

"Watching," said I, "and neutral!
Neutral in times like these!"
And I plucked him off his sketching stool
And brought him to his knees.

I stripped him of his traveling cloak
And showed him to the sky—
By his uniform—a traitor!
By his handiwork—a spy!

I dragged him back to the field he left—
To the fate he was fitted for,
We have no place for lookers-on,
While all the world's at war!

Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman.

GERMAN ACTRESSES.

The efforts made to improve the condition
of actresses in Germany resulted, a year ago,
in the formation of a society conducted by
women of the theatre and others well known
in social or diplomatic life (says the New
York Sun). The latter were expected to aid
the purposes of the organization by giving
dresses which they expected no longer to
wear and by contributing money. The
actresses in the society are expected to help
their less fortunate companions by contribut-
ing costumes which they have ceased to
wear. It was through the costume question
that the most trouble arose for the founders
of the association. The salaries of German
actresses are very small. They are com-
pelled to buy their own dresses, and there
has been great rivalry in recent years on this
point. Managers are even said to engage
the women who are able to wear the most
expensive dresses, while actresses who, for
one reason or another, are not able to dress
so well must get along in the best way they
can. The result of this competition, when
the pay of the actresses was so small, may
easily be imagined. Either women struggle
along after spending all their earnings on
dresses, or resort to ways of life that have

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brought the stage into disrepute. An effort
was made to compel managers to provide at
least historical costumes for their players;
but this scheme failed, because the managers
were, as usual, masters of the situation and
could make their own terms. Then the
Society for the Relief of German Actresses
came into existence, and during its first six
months it has met, in a large degree, the
responsibilities for which it was founded.
Branches have been established in Berlin,
Cologne, Munich, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, and
Mannheim, and it is intended to have a
branch in every German city of importance
before the end of another year. In every

city the business of the society is conducted
by a joint committee of wealthy society
women and the most conspicuous actress in
the place. So far the demand for costumes
has been much larger than the supply, but
as this condition has only impelled the
women workers to greater activity, they ex-
pect to make their work much more satisfy-
ing in the future.

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White Rock LITHIA WATER

The vim and life without the bite. Paris Exposition Judges' opinion: "Perfect."

THE ONE SLEEVE GOWN.

The evening gown with one sleeve has been appearing at dinners and balls and at the opera in Paris from time to time. It made its first startling appearance in New York with Miss Fannie Johnson in her Spanish dance in "Florodora." The costume of black satin embroidered in varicolored chenille was charming, but somehow it suggested a vision of a mishap in the dressing-room, and the audience was unkind enough to titter. The next morning the gown was sent back with a plaintive little note saying that the owner simply could not "go on" again without the customary number of sleeves. Miss Edna Wallace Hopper also tried to introduce the novelty, and, like Miss Johnson, grew faint-hearted after one night of "laughs in the wrong place," by an unappreciative audience. But Miss Jessie Milward, appearing in New York in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," continued to wear one arm covered and the other arm bare. The one-sleeved gown, as Miss Milward wears it, is described as being really both becoming and effective. The gown is of green embroidered velvet, and is worn in an after-dinner scene in the fourth act. The left arm is clad in a tight sleeve reaching to the elbow. The gown is fastened over the right shoulder by a narrow green velvet strap, and after that there is nothing but a long, graceful line of white arm. There is a shock at the irregularity of the design, but a second glance accustoms the eye to the strangeness of the sight, and soon women's voices are heard saying "How pretty!" Will women off the stage wear the one-sleeved gown? The left arm is always the one that is clad. In fashion, as there should be in everything, there is a reason for this freak. The excuse for covering the left arm is because it is generally less developed than the right.

NOT GOOD FORM.

An authority on form bids me tell my readers that it is not the proper thing to perform the hair-dressing act in public. At the theatre, since it has become the fashion to remove the gloves as well as the hat, one is apt to see a succession of white fingers, heavily jeweled, pinning up refractory locks of hair, or adjusting slipping pompadours. My informant, who seems to be *au courant* with all the latest wrinkles in propriety, tells me that no woman should raise her arms at any time above the breast line. "To lift the arms is bad form," she says, "and even to show off her jewels no woman should touch her hand to her hair when seated in a public place." How arbitrary is good form's oracle!

Congressman Cyrus A. Sulloway, of New Hampshire, the tallest man in the house—he is nearly seven feet high—was once a member of the Salvation Army.

ASTOR AND THE KING.

William Waldorf Astor, not content with transforming himself from a citizen of the United States into a subject of the British crown, is now about to become the official "champion of the king," with an official office which has been in existence in England since the reign of William the Conqueror. He is said to be trying to buy Scrivelsby court, Lincolnshire. By an ancient decision of the courts, the championship of the crown is attached, by the tenure known as knight serjeanty, to the ownership of the manor of Scrivelsby. It has sometimes been asserted that the championship is hereditary in the Dymoke family. This is a mistake. It is vested in the possession of the Manor of Scrivelsby, and the person to whom the latter belongs has a legal right, dating from the time of the Norman conquest, to officiate as the champion of the sovereign at the coronation. Frank Dymoke, the present owner of Scrivelsby court, is very far from rich, and has, therefore, it is said, been unable to resist the very tempting offer made to him by the ex-American multi-millionaire.

It is understood that Mr. Astor's object in securing the royal championship through the purchase of Scrivelsby Manor is to obtain a title. Since the silly Archibald Milne episode of last summer, when he subjected a close friend and favorite of the present king and queen and a fellow-member of the Marlborough club to the most gross and public discourtesy, he has been to such an extent in the black books of Edward VII as to render it certain that he will never receive any title through the favor and good-will of that monarch.

The only means of accomplishing his aim in this respect is by forcing the king's hand, so to speak. This he expects to be able to do through his possession of the championship. For on the occasion of the last two coronations the then owners of Scrivelsby court were knighted on condition of waiving their right to appear as champion at the ceremony, and King Edward has already announced his intention of eliminating by the same means the presence of the royal champion at his coronation.

This may account for the large price which Frank Dymoke is said to be receiving from Mr. Astor, since the latter is purchasing, not merely Scrivelsby court and an office which forms part of the royal household, namely the championship, but likewise the honor of knighthood.

Of course, it is just possible that King Edward may decide to frustrate Mr. Astor's ambition to become Sir William, and may decline at the last minute to effect the arrangement which he was prepared to make with Frank Dymoke. In that event William Waldorf Astor, former United States minister at Rome, and once assemblyman at Albany, would remain plain "Mister," as before the coronation, but would be forced by all sorts of mediaeval pains and penalties of an alarming character to appear at the coronation banquet in Westminster hall on horseback, arrayed from head to foot in old steel armor, with a lance in one hand and a battle axe hanging from his saddle.

Raising his visor, it will be his duty to cast his steel gauntlet on the floor and to proclaim in a loud voice that he challenges to mortal combat all who may deny that King Edward VII is the lawful sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland. A gold goblet filled with wine will then be handed to him,

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which he will have to drain to the last drop to the king's health, after which he must back his horse out of the royal presence, carrying with him the gold goblet as his guerdon.

HER MOTHER AS CO-RESPONDENT.

Mme. Sauvagne, aged 18 years, is suing for divorce in Paris, and names her mother as co-respondent. M. Sauvagne and his mother-in-law stoutly deny guilt, though both admit that they love each other dearly. Sauvagne touchingly appealed to the judge to grant the divorce saying: "Though I disclaim any wrong doing, there is no doubt that my marriage was a great mistake. After fifteen months of wedded life I have found my wife to be selfish and utterly unable to understand me, while her mother, besides being of a mature beauty which now appeals to me much more strongly, has always been a sympathetic companion, tenderly careful of my feelings and comfort. If the court refuses the divorce it will surely lead to unseemly complications, whereas, if released, I promise to marry my mother-in-law, and lead an honorable life ever after." The court reserved its decision for two weeks.

SUBLIME FRIENDSHIP.

"Blinkins and Jopps are great friends, aren't they?"

"They're simply infatuated. Each is willing to listen while the other brags."—*Chicago Record.*

Mosquitoes were unknown in Switzerland until the completion of the St. Gothard Tunnel under the Alps.

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A GIRLS FIRST SLEEPER.

BY CORA V. FUQUA.

Following is a letter written by a young Southern girl, who had just taken her first railway journey, to several girls of her own age—slangy sixteen. It is as breezy as a Galveston cyclone.

ANY-OLD-PLACE, TEXAS.

My Dear Old Chums:

Just let me catch my breath a minute. I haven't quite gotten over the terrible scare I had last night on that thing you call a sleeper. Of course you know I was new at the business and didn't dare get sleepy until the rest of the folks did, so up I sat trying to look wide awake, with one eye open and my hand on my stem-winder. By and by a porter came in, all dressed in white duck, and he says to me, "Miss, you want yer berth made up?" Well you know the last two words struck me kinder funny. I was, just about that time, thinking of my figure, and I thought he knew my game, so I stared at him. Then, oh, you ought to have seen me. I toyed with my little gold locket and rolling my eyes until I thought he looked sea-sick, I said, with eye-brows that melted into my pompadour, "yes you may, if you like."

"Well," says he, "it isn't what I likes, it's what you likes." Well, I was not liking him at that time, anyhow, as all the car was rubbering. Even the conductor poked his head in the door, so I said, "Very well, make it up."

Of course I was all eyes in a way. I didn't want the guys in the car to know it was the first I had ever seen, so I rolled down my shutters and peeped out the corners and, really, I became so absorbed in the performance that I didn't feel the light touch of the conductor, who stood by waiting for my pipe to go out and, in the meantime, trying to get its number. He asked me several questions, one of which I didn't like very much, which was, "Do you occupy that berth alone?" Now I thought he had his nerve up, but I didn't say anything. I just looked a bit rosy and then he went on. About that time I found myself in a narrow path and things looked mighty strange. Folks were all turning in, except two fellows in the rear of the car who were swilling "Apollinarisess" don't yer know.

Of course, I glared, and my tongue simply trailed the floor of the car. You know it is an awful thing not to have the price, so then I thought I'd better change my thoughts and go to bed. Maybe I didn't have a time getting in. You see I had on my red silk stockings and I didn't want my "Apollinarisess" to see them, so I just took a running broad and landed up against the windows, over which hung a nice little hammock.

Now at first I thought you slept in that, but when I tried to get in it, it didn't give, that is it did give and down she came, hooks and all. I finally decided I would not try it again and then I observed that what I was sitting on was my bed. I thought by the time I found out what all the things were for, it would be time to get up again. You all had told me to loosen up and make myself comfortable. Well, I tried to, but you see I was awfully frightened and did not sleep a wink. I kept hitting my feet on the grip I had taken in with me and then when I would turn over I would bump my head.

I thought if I could only get out and get in again I would feel all right.

We rattled along at a great rate and finally "Tillie Rooney" the night detective

made a touch-down. I don't know how long I slept, but I woke up with a terrible start. Some one was fooling at my curtains and I heard a lot of talking. I was convinced that the train was being robbed. My hair stood out something like a porcupine's quills. You could have told your beads on my back-bone, and as for Niagara Falls it wasn't in it with the perspiration that flowed down my face with a roar. The few minutes seemed like hours, and then I had learned something else. There was room for another on top. I didn't know that; why didn't you tell me? He of the above—I knew it was a he—seemed to have been used to these sleepers before, because he had no sooner gotten up there than he was snoring the anvil chorus on his teeth. When I heard that, I fell back with a feeling of relief, and then slept until morning. I had a time getting out, but you see I hadn't peeled off much the night before, so I was all dressed and after saying "one, two, three," fell out into my narrow path. I was the first one up, so I didn't do a thing to the soap and water. I reached my destination a little later. Of course, as you know, my visit was a surprise. While driving up town I wondered if I ought not to have given them time to put my picture in a frame, but, strange to say, when we met, I mean my relations and myself, and after all of the wild ejaculations had ceased, I saw myself in a neat frame, one of those two-bit kind now reduced to nineteen.

Yours, under the Sod and the Dew,
Tillie Rooney.

A QUICK-WITTED COLONEL.

An amusing story illustrating British officialism comes from South Africa, and will bear repeating. The colonel of a pioneer regiment, repairing the railroad after one of General De Wet's many breakages, discovered a fine empty house, which he proceeded to occupy as headquarters.

When the news of the colonel's comfortable headquarters reached Bloemfontein he received a telegram which read:

"G. T. M. wants house."

The colonel was unable to make out what "G. T. M." meant, and inquired of officers, who translated it "General Traffic Manager."

"All right," said the colonel. "If he can use hieroglyphics so can I."

So he wired back:

"G. T. M. can G. T. H."

Two days later he received a dispatch from Bloemfontein ordering him to attend a board of inquiry. On appearing in due course he was asked what he meant by sending such an insulting message to a superior officer.

"Insulting," repeated the colonel, innocently, "it was nothing of the kind."

"But what do you mean," demanded his superior, "by telling me I can 'G. T. H.?'"

"It was simply an abbreviation," replied the colonel. "G. T. M. (general traffic manager) can G. T. H. (get the house).—*New York Herald.*"

"Hold on, dar," cried a negro across Walnut street, hailing an acquaintance. "Does you cross de street ebbery time you see me to keep from payin' dat bill?" "No, I doesn't." "What den?" "Ter keep from being boned fur it."

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ADDITIONAL TROUBLE.

"While you're talking about smoking," says the exchange editor, "maybe you can tell me why a five-cent cigar is like a young, half-breed Indian squaw?"

"Maid of poor stock," replied the information editor. "What's the difference between a roller-towel and the people who have to use it!"

"One is a wiper, and the other is a generation of wipers. What's the difference between a catfish and a wad of chewing gum?"

"Not much. It's all in the mouth. Why is a ripe apple like the ghetto?"

"Full of juice. Why is a grain of sand like the faith cure?"

"All in your eye. Why does a—"

"Hold on. That isn't right. You didn't have the answer, either, about the five-cent cigar and the young squaw."

"It's a mistake to furnish a match for it, then. You were all wrong, too, about the roller-towel and the people who use it."

"The one's a crash and the other's a push." If that isn't it I wash my hands of it."

"Soap yourself! It's because the people are changed every seven years and the towel is never changed. Why is a—"

"Then you ought to change boarding-houses. You didn't get the right point of difference between the catfish and the chewing gum."

"They're just alike. You get stuck on both. Why does a—"

"Gum off! I say they're not!"

"I say they are! It isn't meet to use either."

"All wrong. You can use one for a big fry, while it is only the small fry that uses the other."

"Worst I ever heard. You made the wrong guess about the ripe apple and the ghetto, besides."

"Did it on purpose. Why is a present of a mummy like a wig?"

"Because it's a dead give away. Why does a man—"

"Why is the leader of an orchestra—"

"Like a fast watch? Because he beats time. Why is a customer at a department store—"

"Like a man a hundred years old? Because he's waiting a long time for his change."

Then the information editor closed his knowledge box, while the exchange editor sheered off.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE NEW \$10 BILL.

Secretary Gage a few days ago requested the Smithsonian officials to arrange to furnish the bureau of engraving and printing with a picture of the head of a huge bison, which is a central figure in the natural history hall of the National museum, the object being to use it on the third of a new series of bank notes that is being issued by the department. The \$1 note of this series, which is the handsomest, from an artistic standpoint, ever issued by the government, has as the central figure an American eagle. The \$5 note of the same series has an Indian head, while the \$10 note, now being made, will, in addition to other changes, bear, as central figure, the head of an American buffalo.

It was the intention to have one of our war vessels to embellish this note, but for some reason the subject was changed. The case holding the group of buffaloes from which the photograph was made is not much

smaller than an ordinary tenement house and contains a herd of five of the finest specimens of the vanishing bison in existence. The bull, whose head will embellish the \$10 note, is said by Dr. F. W. True, executive curator of the National museum, to be the largest animal ever captured on the Missouri-Yellowstone divide. It weighs at least \$1,600 pounds, his vertical height at shoulders being six feet.

In making the photograph the huge glass, which was in two pieces, had to be removed, and it will be replaced with as large a single plate as is made.

LITTLE FEMININE FIXINGS.

Among the pretty odds and ends to be worn with white shirt-waists are ties of half-inch black velvet ribbon finished at each end with a gilt pendant. The ribbon is cut a yard and a half long, and passes around the neck once, and ties in front with two even loops and ends.

Narrow four-in-hand scarfs have the ends slightly gathered and finished with wide flat pendants.

Ribbon collars have the ends gathered and thrust into the open top of a gilt spike.

The newest thing in the way of a belt-fastener is a buckle in the form of a brooch which pins the ribbon or velvet belt in place in the front.

The rage for dangling ornaments seems to be upon us, and belts of velvet, silk and ribbon are finished with rosettes of narrow velvet ribbon with from two to eight ends from fifteen to twenty-five inches long finished off with gilt pendants.

Black velvet ribbon continues to be popular, and where a quantity of it is used even the most fashionable dressmakers use the cotton-backed.

The new and pretty trimming used so much on evening gowns and silk bodices cannot be purchased ready-made, but unfortunately it is not difficult to make. It is used to finish collars, revers, yokes, etc., and is really a tucked ruche of mousseline.—*April Ladies' Home Journal.*

BEYOND HIS ABILITY.

A faultlessly attired woman walked along Charles street the other morning with a small black dog, which appeared to take a delight in darting from one side of the sidewalk to the other. Several pedestrians narrowly averted a collision with the dog by most amusing—to others—and ungraceful athletic exhibitions. Finally the heavy foot of a young man, hurrying in the opposite direction, came in violent contact with the dog's ribs and the little animal was sent howling into the gutter. The woman shrieked and gathered her pet in her arms, pressing her fair cheek against it and murmuring words of pity. The young man blushed, made an awkward bow and stammered:

"I beg your pardon, miss. Please excuse my awkwardness. If I have killed your dog I'll replace it."

In tones that fairly liquefied the surrounding air the woman retorted: "Indeed, you flatter yourself."—*Baltimore Sun.*

A RANKLING INSINUATION.

Mrs. Dove—"My husband always kisses me when he leaves the house in the morning."

Mrs. Spier—"Funny how good-natured some men are when they are getting away from home for a whole day."

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NEVIN'S "NARCISSUS."

Victor Herbert paid the tribute of a musician and a friend to the memory of Ethelbert Nevin a few evenings after Nevin's death. Under his direction the Pittsburgh Orchestra played "Narcissus." There has never been a similar scene in Carnegie Music hall; there will not be a repetition of it in many years. It was one of those pathetic triumphs that cannot, unfortunately, come to a man in his allotted life on earth. For every soft, plaintive breath of the 'cello there was a vain regret in the audience; for every sigh of the violins there was a sigh of sympathy from a man; for every sob of melody in the pages of black and white there was a woman's tear, unbidden but unrestrained. Never was music so full of pathetic plaint, melody so pregnant of tears and sighs, or rhythm so impressive in solemn requiem.

No more eloquent tribute could have been paid. Mr. Herbert himself made the orchestral arrangement. The thought came to him Thursday night and, with two or three of his "boys," as he calls his musicians, he went to his home and they worked far into the morning finishing the score. It is an exquisite arrangement. Of course the strings bear the sweet sadness of the air for the most part. The 'cello, supported by the violins, carries a brief solo toward the climax, and Henri Merck played it beautifully. Then it was repeated in a violin solo which Luigi von Kunits deliciously gave.

At the opening bars the appreciating audience could not resist a quick burst of applause, but the spirit of the music settled quickly, and the sweet solemnity of it all was felt and brought a profound depth of silence over the audience. The appealing power of melody was soon exercised. Women in every part of the hall showed it in the tears hidden by handkerchief or programme, or else trembling charily under the lashes. Men in the audience felt its influence in throaty fullnesses. When the music ceased there was an instant of silence and then applause prolonged and loud, which would not cease until "Narcissus" had been repeated.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

TROUBLE IN THE OFFICE.

"Why is a woman like an umbrella?" asked the exchange editor.

"Because she is made of ribs and attached to a stick," replied the information editor. "Why is—"

"Wrong, guess again."

"Because she always has to be shut up when—"

"Naw! You fatigue me."

"Because she stands in the hall and—"

Naw! It's nothing about standing in the hall."

"A woman is like an umbrella because nobody ever gets the right one. Why is—"

"Ring off! That isn't the answer, either."

"It's a better one than you've got."

"Don't you reckon I know whether it is or not? Whose conundrum is this—yours or mine?"

Well, she is like an umbrella because— it isn't because she fades with age, is it?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am. Is it because you have to put up when cloudy and threatening—no, that

can't be it. Because she's a good thing to have in the house. Why is—"

"You're not within four counties of it."

"Because you can't find any pocket in either. Why is—"

"No choice. Vote again."

"I won't! A woman isn't like an umbrella. There is not the slightest resemblance. You go on with your work and let me alone."

I knew you couldn't guess it. It's because she's accustomed to reign."

Then the information editor rose in his wrath, and they were only prevented from doing mischief to each other by prompt—and wholly unexpected—work on the part of the labor editor.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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"SPRING; IN THE FIELDS." By F. L. STODDART.
(Copyright—J. C. STRAUSS. 1901.)

A PALACE OF ART.

When the Strauss Studio was destroyed by fire the people of St. Louis were deeply grieved, for it was the most artistic interior in the town and a place to which to take visitors to the city, who loved art. The beautiful exterior of the building was not marred by the flames. It has been for some time a graceful ruin on Franklin Avenue near Grand. But the Strauss Studio will shortly rise from its ruins and under the genius of the place, will rise more beautiful than before.

Ever since the fire, the artist owner has been planning the rebuilding. He has planned well, as an artist, as a modern artist, as one who harmonizes use and beauty. It will be a place to remind one of the suggestion, in Swinburne's "Dedication," of Burne Jones' palace of paintings. It will be the most beautiful photographic studio in the world and the best equipped for the practice of the photographic art.

You enter a circular vestibule in dark red picked out in figures of golden nail-heads, and move thence into a spacious apartment of ivory walls, the eburnean effect being singularly rich under the delicate lighting from the stained glass windows. A massive electrolier of burnished iron hangs in the center with splendid effect. This fine reception room is ornamented with a series of panel pictures by Stoddard, in an upper, generous border. These panels are highly decorative, aptly to the height at which they are placed. The central panel is a beautiful figure of spring, filled with young, new soft color, and posed in an attitude of quiet delight, with flowers in her hand. On either

side are more imposing though not more beautiful canvases. They represent spring, summer and autumn in the double aspect of the season's work and recreation. They are soft in tone but extremely effective. The figure of Summer is rich and luscious and warm, and just sufficiently languid to convey the spirit of the season. We see in the panels on the one hand the farmer lad and lass, the sheep, and the troiler homeward wending his way, with wife at side. Again, we see the youth leaving his boat to greet a summer girl. Again we have a mellow autumn field scene filled with golden light and the richness of harvest. Over a mantel is a panel by Harney called "Up in Pike County" reminiscent in a way of Verbeekhoeven, though of a free and fine quality of treatment, especially of the poultry, for the painting of which Harney is noted. The whole display of pictures is eminently fitted to the setting in which they are to be placed. Some idea, but hardly an adequate one, of the quality of the paintings referred to may be gained by a glance at the half-tone illustrations of this article.

Passing the elegantly appointed office enclosure we reach the display room lighted, and plentifully lighted, from the top, the walls lined in a red, soft velours so dark as to be almost black, and to give one the impression of stepping from a room of ivory into one of velvety ebony. Here will hang the *chefs oeuvres* of Strauss' wonderful work with the camera, and pastels and other work in which he has long excelled beyond all competition.

Up a stairway to the left, then over a balcony, affording a fine view of both the rich reception room and the display gallery or salon, we come upon the gallery of Immortals—the remarkable display of the speaking likenesses of all the distinguished men in St. Louis in all lines of endeavor.

Thence, we step into a sort of round tower room, also in the richest of rich reds where are to be displayed the photographs only of the most eligible bachelors of St. Louis.

Back we go to the south and then observe a music room with tapestry walls of soft mellow hue, lighted with little electric bulbs around the ceiling and provided with sumptuous lounges and a grand piano.

Up a stairway we go

to the right into a sort of second reception hall, or ante-room to the artist's workshop, this room containing the overflow of the Immortals, and decorated in a rich-striped tapestry.

Off this room are the dressing rooms for ladies and gentlemen, each in a different color, all of the softest tone of woven wall coloring. These rooms are veritable gems of graceful ornamentation and comfort.

The workshop is at the top—a commodious room with massive rafters of ebon black and all the

rafters, angling down to the side beams, finished off with splendidly carved faces that represent all the races, all the nationalities and a multitude of emotions. These grotesqueries are most interesting, as is likewise the massive fire-place surrounded by a gigantic rose-wood cabinet, with each apartment filled with miscellaneous curios and *bijouterie*.

Off this place is the wizard's den, the room where Strauss works out the ideas that he puts into his photographic work. Here are fine mural paintings by Howe and Cornoyer and other artists in varying lines—the result, a strongly eclectic grouping of pictures, but withal a most interesting exhibit. The workshop, moreover, is interesting for the lighting of it. The room can be drenched in light from above, for the roof is wholly glass, or it can be made as dim as the promise of dawn or the last gleam of evening by a singularly effective arrangement of shades. The workshop has a world of room. It is a place in which one is relieved of constraint—a great desideratum in sitters.

The mounting room, the retouching room, where there is facility for handling thousands of plates, the catacombs, where are stored the negatives of 50,000 persons who have been photographed by Strauss, are interesting features of the great establishment. But no description can give any adequate idea of the effects produced by Strauss' combinations of colors, his disposition of paintings and vases and statues, all without crowding, without impeding the work of the place, without appearing in the least to have striven for decoration.

The entire arrangement of the restored Studio is an eloquent evidence that Strauss is a veritable genius in the matter of artistic expression, in architecture and decoration not less than in photography.

When the Strauss Studio opens and the master artist moves back from his quarters in the Y. M. C. A. building St. Louis will



"SPRING." By F. L. STODDART.
(Copyright—J. C. STRAUSS. 1901.)

see the most splendid place in the city and the sight will be in itself an æsthetic education.

It is the intention of Mr. Strauss later to build on the space now occupied by a large yard at the rear of the studio a great herbarium in which, if patrons so wish, photographs may be taken amid plants and shrubs and to the ripple and tinkle of fountains. This will permit of nature-effects in portrait photography that will be infinities beyond the devices now employed of painted screens and papier mache rocks. The gallery will open directly into this beautiful garden and without doubt the place will be unlike anything ever known before in connection with a photographic studio.

The arrangements throughout the Strauss establishment are such as to facilitate the rapid transaction of business. There are house telephones in every room in the place and electric annunciators between all departments. An unique arrangement, never seen in the West before, for the storing of handsome picture frames, without taking up too much room, has been erected in a rear apartment and it is hardly noticeable, so well does it utilize the space of a small closet to accommodate quite large bulk.

Astonishing, indeed, is the volume of business done at a studio like Strauss'. There are whole rooms stored with cardboard, with tissue-paper envelopes, with mailing paper-board, with little knick-knackeries that one wouldn't think ever came into use in such a way. It is really a surprise to get behind the scenes and see the beauty of the business organization of the place and realize what a magnificent commercial undertaking it is to be photographer *par excellence* to the discerning folk of the great West.



"SUMMER." By F. L. STODDART.
Copyright—J. C. STRAUSS. 1901.)



"UP IN PIKE COUNTY." By PAUL E. HARNEY.
(Copyright—J. C. STRAUSS. 1901.)

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MUSIC.

FROTHY OPERA BY THE CASTLE SQUARE.

For the benefit of all curious persons who do not care to consult a geography be it said that the "Isle of Champagne" is at present located on the Music Hall stage. It is quite accessible and well worth a visit. Many of us viewed its gorgeousness some years ago, but "the Isle" has increased in size since then, and its present inhabitants are more interesting and entertaining than those who disported themselves thereon in days gone by. King Moulan is quite the funniest ruler imaginable. "The Isle" was largely made and ornamented for the original *King Pomery*, but his successor's cleverness leads one to the belief that it was built for the present occupant. This new King is a wonder. He fires jokes and witty sayings at the people about him in a dryly droll way that is altogether irresistible. His mastery of his face and legs is amazing. And all his contortions are free from effort. He never tries to be funny—he just is funny. And never more so than when he is on that huge drunk. It lasts a long time, but the fun never lags, and the best thing about it is the fact that it is not over done. Beyond doubt I should say that this comic gentleman is the most comical of the horde who aspire to the distinction of a similar position.

The King's "down East" lady also comes in for a large share of praise. Her name is Chapman—Blanche Chapman, once a Cave-dweller, and who, in the palmy days, queened it over the "dudes" who frequented her abode. And though she is no longer the short-skirted, velvet-bodied young soprano of those days, she has lost none of the charm of her youth. In fact, time has mellowed and boardened her art, and the girl who always was her own pleasant self, has become the woman who delineates characters, and does it capitally. And so she is now the Queen of the Isle of Champagne, wears queen clothes, dances quaintly and scolds shrewishly with a "down East" nasal twang in her voice.

Diana Quinlan is a cute, pert little person on the Isle who fills fetchingly a pair of silken tights and sings tunefully. And then there is the Berri! Not much does she do but look handsome and sing a melodious tune in waltz time, but that is all sufficient, when the only Maude Lillian does it.

There are other people who help to make the Isle an amusing place, as for instance, one Pruette who dances a hornpipe, one Sheehan whose liquid tenor tones float through space, the strenuous Edwin Clark, and the humorous Wooley. A. C. W.

To the majority of people a harness is a harness, a made-up affair of straps and buckles. The idea that an ill-fitting and inappropriate harness carries in its ugly proportions the same impression as an ill-fitting suit of clothing or of a silk hat with a frock coat, enters the heads of but few people. Ask a horseman. J. B. Sickles Saddlery Co. know what you should have for your vehicle. They have styles, prices and qualities for everybody.

HER NEW MAID.

A young matron tells this joke of her bridal attempts at housekeeping. She had employed a greenhorn as a servant, and spent many weary hours teaching her the way things should be done in the correct style. Her latest lesson related to the correct way to receive a visitor, and the maid was instructed in the mysteries of cards, card trays and the accepted formula to be gone through when opening the door for a caller. One afternoon the door bell rang, and Mrs. Gregory heard the "maid" tearing up the stairs two steps at a time, "Shure, m'm, there's one of them machines outside, with two men a-sittin' on the top of it, and a lady on the inside, an' "—looking at the card in her hand, and with a dash down the stairs again—"I've forgotten me pan!"—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Through day coaches and Pullman Buffet sleepers, St. Louis to Galveston and San Antonio. See I. & G. N. ad on page 20 of this number.

On the evening of March 19th, Miss Elizabeth Snyder, daughter of the late pastor of the Church of the Messiah of this city, was married in her father's parsonage at Wellesly Hills, Mass., to Mr. Lewis Prosper Delano. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Snyder, and was followed by a large reception.

Send two cents in stamps for a copy of the *Illustrator* and General Narrator to D. J. Price, G. P. & T. A. I. & G. N. R. R., Palestine, Texas.

INTERESTING TO PARENTS.



We have just opened for your inspection the daintiest assortment of Juvenile Clothing ever seen in St. Louis.

Exclusive creations. New York and Parisian novelties in Children's apparel, comprising special productions of light-weight woolens and washable fabrics.

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L. ACKERMAN, Manager.

An engagement recently announced is that of Miss Josephine Calhoun and Mr. C. Norman Jones. Miss Calhoun is the daughter of Mr. D. R. Calhoun. Mr. Jones is an Englishman, connected with the St. Louis Brewing Association. No definite plans have been made for the wedding.

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You'll get your suit just when you want it, and just how you want it.

That isn't a little bit of "hot air." It's a fact. One that you can easily verify.

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Your pick from our handsome, new, Nobby Spring Fabrics—built to fit and please you—made after the MacCarthy-Evans standard **\$20 to \$50** of stylishness

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Some of the best books of recent years—many of them reviewed and praised by the MIRROR in former issues—at a fraction of original cost.

- "The Sowers," cloth 12mo **50c**
- "The Gad Fly," cloth 12mo **50c**
- "The Pride of Jennico," cloth 12mo. **50c**
- "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," cloth 12mo **25c**
- "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," cloth 12mo **25c**
- "Ex Tanks," a book of hard luck stories **95c**
- "The Honorable Peter Sterling" **95c**
- "Willie and His Papa," Oppert's famous cartoons in book form **80c**
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Alice of Old Vincennes, Maurice Thompson, \$1.20; In the Name of a Woman, A. W. Marchmont, \$1.20; Eleanor, Mrs. Humphry Ward, \$1.20; Quincy Adams Sawyer, Charles F. Pidger, \$1.20; Also a full line of fine stationery, diaries, blank books, memorandums, pocket books, gold and fountain pens. All the latest magazines. Subscriptions taken for all publications at
JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive Street.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Stage realism reaches its highest pitch in "The Still Alarm" the play which Harry Lacy has made famous. It will be at the Century for a week, beginning Sunday 31st inst. A real engine throwing real water, a hook-up at the engine-house with marvelous celerity, a dash down the street and then the fire scene are concomitants of one of the most sensational of melodramas. But though sensational, "The Still Alarm" is reasonable. There is a love story and a rescue in it in which Jack Manly the fire hero does his part with dash and energy, arousing great enthusiasm. With Mr. Lacy are Frank Bangs, Emma Brennan, Belle Gold, Eliz Baker, Lynn Pratt, Chas. K. French, John F Ryan and Herbert St. John Brenon.

Mr. F. S. Willard, who is one of the greatest of living actors, will appear at the Olympic for a week beginning next Monday. He has created some characters that are associated with his name, and in all his presentations he has attained the highest artistic pitch. While opinions may vary as to Mr. Willard's interpretation of some tragic roles, there can be none whatever as to the high dramatic skill which distinguishes all the plays he presents. On Monday and Friday evenings and at the Saturday matinee "A Silent Woman" and "David Garrick" will be presented; "The Middleman" on Wednesday and Saturday evenings; on Tuesday evening and Wednesday matinee "The Professor's Love Story" and on Thursday evening "Tom Pinch."

One of the most charming of the operas of recent years is Verdi's "Aida" which is to be played at Music Hall next week. The story is a very romantic one; the love that the captive princess Aida has for Rhadames, the jealousy of Amneris; her plot and the dire result—and the music which one famous critic has said "is less Verdisque than anything previously written by the great operatic composer" is well wedded to the story. The cast includes Miss Adelaide Norwood and Miss Josephine Ludwig as Aida. Misses Frances Graham and Maud Lambert will take the role of the wicked princess Amneris. Her father, the Egyptian monarch, will be played by Mr. James P. Coombs. Messrs. Joseph F. Sheehan and Harry Davies will alternate as the hero Rhadames. Mr. William H. Clarke and Mr. Francis J. Boyle will appear as Ramfic, the high priest, Messrs. Winfred Goff and William Paull as Amonasto, the King of Ethiopia. That Manager Southwell will make the presentation of "Aida" one worthy the reputation of the Castle Square Opera Company may be taken for granted.

"The Americans" will commence an engagement at the Standard on Sunday next. There are thirty-five people in the company, each one an artist in his or her line, and the entire performance one of exceptional excellence, full of dash and fun, with capital musical and comedy features. As an extra attraction, Manager Watson has engaged Gus Ruhlin and his sparring partner to appear at every performance of the "Americans," and the aspirant for the heavy-weight championship of the world will no doubt make the S. R. O. sign a permanency during the week.

In all probability the grand orchestral and vocal concert to be given by the U. S. Marine Band, will be an immense success. There are thousands who have heard of the "President's band," as it is generally termed, who are anxious to hear the kind of music that the high officials in Washington delight in at State banquets and functions. Indeed it is a musical event of great importance. Public-spirited citizens, the readers of the MIRROR, of course, included, intend that "the gallant First," shall have the Coliseum crowded from end to end on Friday evening, 29th inst.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL. A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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we have for your inspection some of the most elegant creations ever attempted or dreamed of, Chic, full of Style, just right in every detail, they appeal to the taste of all lovers of the beautiful. We are *At Home* to you. Come visiting; look, examine, try on as many hats as you like, and buying will be easy for you.



The Just Right Spring Hats,

made by KNOX, the Creator and Originator of Styles. Shipment of something new received each day. We but ask for a little of your time.

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WEEK OF MARCH 25 **THE ISLE OF CHAMPAGNE.**

WEEK OF APRIL 1 **AIDA**

Week of April 8—Farewell Week With change of Opera nightly—
Faust, Martha, Bohemian Girl, Il Trovatore, Lohengrin, Lucia di Lammermor and on Saturday Evening, April 13,
Solos of operatic numbers by all the leading members of the Castle Square Opera Co., and Auld Lange Syne by the entire organization and orchestra.

ART NOTES.

If you haven't been to the new Weber gallery, you should go at once before the Dangerfield's "Madonna and Child," is shipped to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. Mr. F. Junior, Manager for Weber & Co., tells me he must send it away next week. It is one of those paintings that you can never get tired of.

There are a number of good canvases in the new gallery—some, I am glad to see, have been sold since the opening day. One of the striking pictures is "After Trafalgar," by Sir J. Haynes-Williams R. A. It tells its own story—the family group listening to the recital, by the wounded officer, of the great battle. The price is \$3000.

Some good pictures by Phil Weber, of Philadelphia, are shown, also a marine by Lawrence Godfrey, and one or two landscapes by St. Louis artists,—Wm. J. Lowry and Gustave Wolff. It is cause for rejoicing that there are not only good artists in St. Louis, but that some of our well-to-do people are beginning to buy their pictures on their artistic merits.

There was a time—not so very long ago—that the average St. Louisan would rather buy at an exorbitant figure, some brilliant daub, sold by a "fly-by-night" dealer, (and find, when it was too late, that he was sold, as well as the painting) than purchase a clever picture by a St. Louis painter, at a reasonable price. Now, thank heaven, our smart set and our rich people are getting ideas about pictures.

Two or three capital landscapes, by Carl Breugner, of Dusseldorf, are noticeable. He is as strong as a colorist as he is as a draughtsman.

Besides a large collection of oil paintings by European and American artists, the Weber gallery has a pleasing exhibit of water colors, by the native and foreign painters. These include such well-known artists as Tom Griffin, Nell Mitchell, J. A. Mulholland, Arthur Riedel, Howell Gay, P. B. Pascal, etc.

Two of Pascal's oriental water-color paintings are on sale at \$60 and \$75 respectively. This artist who spent years on the banks of old Nile has a wonderful skill in the reproduction of that red-gold effect. His works bring high prices in New York, and I hope some one of our local *cognoscenti* will find that the two Pascal pictures are worth a place in his collection.

Some of those British aquarelles are very clever, and they are very cheap. Get a nice frame on a charming water-color and hang it in a good light and it is a source of joy. At the Weber gallery they are well selected, very reasonable, (20 to 30 per cent cheaper than you can get them in New York) and you can select your frame.

The new gallery is well worth a visit whether you go to buy or to look at the hundreds of pictures that adorn its walls. Manager Junior who designed the new gallery will receive you with a cordial welcome and you can draw him out to tell you lots about painters and paintings. His ideas about the gallery decoration are novel and attractive. The walls are adorned with stands of armor (replicated by the firm) and there is an Oriental divan in one corner, the rich maroon-red color scheme of which seems like a continuation of that of the walls. Then the lighting is simply perfect.

Mr. Junior has sold several nice canvasses since Saturday. This gallery will become a popular one for art lovers and it is to be hoped that the enterprise of the firm will meet with substantial recognition by the public at large.

L'Ecrivain.




EASTER LIGHTS


can be thoroughly enjoyed only when your vision is good. If your eyes occasion you distress, or even fail to properly perform their normal functions, it is practically certain that we can fit you with glasses or spectacles to your great relief and enhancement of your Easter happiness. Eyes examined free of charge.

ERKER BROS.
Optical Co.,
608 OLIVE STREET

OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES,
A. J. CRAWFORD,
TENTH AND PINE STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MO.



Besides having more scenic attractions than any other line in the world and three through trains to the Pacific Coast—two of which carry through Pullman sleeping cars between Chicago and San Francisco—
The Denver & Rio Grande is
The Rio Grande Western Railroad
are operating a most superb
Dining Car Service
on through trains between
Denver and Ogden
The cars are all new and possess
all the modern improvements
(Dinner, Fruit, Bread, Coffee is served exclusively on our Dining Cars)



Blanke's

Faust Blend

Coffee

Is used exclusively by the following first class hostleries:

Pfister, Milwaukee.	Hotel Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Col.	Park Hotel, Buffalo.
Imperial, New York.	Hotel Colorado, Glenwood Springs, Col.	Bartholdi, New York.
Del Prado, Chicago.	Denver & Rio Grande Dining Cars.	Pullman Palace Cars.
Tony Faust's, St. Louis.	Burton F. White's Cafes, Chicago.	Schenley Hotel, Pittsburgh.
Arlington, Hot Springs, Ark.	The Morsine, Highland Park, Ill.	Shanley's Cafes, New York.
Battery Park, Asheville, N. C.	Cotton Belt Parlor Cafe Cars.	New York Central Dining Cars.

Your Money Back if it doesn't Suit You.

If you want to try FAUST BLEND on their recommendation and our guarantee, send \$1.30 (if your dealer doesn't keep it) for a three-pound can, whole, ground or pulverized. Make coffee from it a few mornings and if you don't find it all we claim, let us know and we will instruct disposition of same and return your money.

Finest Playing Cards Ever Made.

They would retail for \$1, but as an advertisement of Blanke's Coffee, a pack in a fine leatherette case will be sent to any address on receipt of fifteen two-cent stamps.

C.F. Blanke Tea and Coffee Co. St. Louis,
U. S. A.

Scarritt-Comstock Furniture Co.

BROADWAY AND LOCUST.

We Invite Your
Inspection of Our
BEAUTIFUL

Spring Stock

This beautiful

Colonial Suit

is taken from one of the many 1901 designs we are now offering. It is of fine Cuban Mahogany, waxed finish and a gem at the price.



Cuban Mahogany, Waxed Finish, \$35.00

We should be pleased to have you call and stroll through our establishment. IT WILL REPAY YOU.

You will find surprises on every floor and we guarantee courteous treatment even if you are not a buyer.



Cuban Mahogany. Waxed Finish, \$40.00



Cuban Mahogany, Waxed Finish, \$28.00



Cuban Mahogany, Waxed Finish, \$38.00

These goods are well constructed, beautifully finished and can not be duplicated at the price,



Dresser 42 in. Wide, 22 in. deep 30x24 in. French Beveled Plate.

In Bird's Eye Maple,
Mahogany or
Quartered Oak,

\$22.50



Chiffonier 32 in. wide, 22 in. deep. 16x20 French Beveled Plate.

See them in all
woods in our
Broadway windows.

\$17.50

"HUMPHREY CORNER"

Easter Novelties

This store of ours
Is just the place
For you to get
Your Easter outfit

Direct importers of the
Very finest and most
Exclusive foreign
Furnishing Goods—

Our Neckwear cannot
Fail to appeal to your
Sense of appreciation—
Prices are very low—

In our hat department
We are showing a variety
Of new blocks
Including the "Grand Duke"
Buy of us and pay \$1.90
Buy of exclusive hatters and
pay \$3.00

Men's Suits, \$15.00 to \$30.00
Men's Overcoats, \$10.00 to \$30.00

Humphrey's

Broadway and Pine,
St. Louis.

BEAVER LINE.



ROYAL MAIL PASSENGER STEAMERS
Between Montreal and Liverpool and
All European Points.
Lowest Rates and Best Service on all classes.
Regular Weekly Sailing.
MAX SCHUBACH, General Southwestern Agent,
110 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.



Established 1850. Telephone 101
THE OLD RELIABLE.
MATTHEWS'
DYE AND CLEANING WORKS
Dry and Chemical Cleaning.
314 OLIVE STREET

THE STOCK MARKET.

Louisville & Nashville is slowly climbing up; it will sell at 115 in the near future. It is a good investment stock and cheap at anything like 100 or 101. If you have not already bought it, buy some now and hold it till July 1st. The earnings of the company are very satisfactory, and the company is earning at the rate of 12½ on the capital stock. There is also reason to believe that the Southern Railway and Louisville & Nashville will eventually be consolidated and that shareholders of the last-named property will be greatly benefited by the deal.

Southern Railway preferred and common should also go higher, especially the common. The preferred is now on a 4 per cent dividend-basis, but at the next meeting of the directors, a semi-annual dividend of 21½ per cent may be expected with confidence, and by that time the stock should be selling around 95. So far as the common is concerned, it cannot be said that there is much of a surplus available to pay a dividend on it, but, judging by the talk of insiders and current earnings, the prospects of a return to holders of the common are not as slim as many people believe. In the last fiscal year the company spent millions of dollars for extraordinary improvements, and these expenditures will cease before a great while. Southern Railway common is a good stock for locking-up in tin-boxes.

There has been marked activity in the last few weeks in Central of Georgia bonds. This property is controlled by people friendly to the Southern Ry., and will eventually be absorbed by the latter company. The consolidated 5 per cent. bonds of the Central of Georgia have risen about seven points since February 1st, while the first, second and third income 5s rose from 8 to 15 points. The earnings of the property are now sufficient to pay the full 5 per cent. on the first and second income bonds and something on the third. For this reason, these securities are attractive at current quotations and worth a good deal more.

St. Paul is now selling ex rights and ex the semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent. It is about 16 points below Burlington, and seems to be unduly neglected. While its current price is high, compared with what the stock sold at some months ago, it is, on the other hand, low, compared with the price quoted for Burlington. Nobody will make a mistake by buying St. Paul for a "long pull." Judging by the earnings and intrinsic merits, the stock would not be dear at 175. The Chicago, M. & St. Paul has long been known as the Lake Shore of the Northwest.

There seems to be something brewing in Sugar certificates. Wall Street has it that our old friend Lawson, of Boston, is rigging the price movements in this stock, and will soon create a big sensation. In 1899, when nearly everybody was hammering Sugar and selling as much as possible, Lawson suddenly stepped in and, within a few hours, ran the price up to 185, causing disastrous losses to venturesome bear speculators. He explained the rise by saying that the only way to advance a stock is to buy it, a very simple and, at the same time, very suggestive explanation. It is an explanation the very simplicity of which prevents it from being fully grasped by the average speculator. If Lawson is at his old tricks again, and laying his plans for another sky-rocket performance in Sugar shares, he keeps things very quiet. However, the movements of the shares are suspicious, and should put Wall Street on its guard.

U.S. Marine Band

Under the Auspices of the

First Infantry, N. G. M.,

At Coliseum,

Friday Evening, March 29, 1901,

8:15 P. M.

Miss Amy Whaley, Soloist.

25c, 50c AND 75c.

Sale of Seats at Bollman Bros., 1100 Olive Street, on and after March 25th.

THE STANDARD.

SEVENTH AND WALNUT STREETS.

Night at 8.

The Vaudeville House of the West.

Matinee Every Day at 2

THIS WEEK.

The Australian Burlesquers!

NEXT WEEK,

American Burlesquers.

EXTRA—GUS RUHLIN in illustrations of the manly art.

ODEON

Two Illustrated Lectures by

Ernest Seton-Thompson,

Famous Author and Lecturer, on

"Wild Animals I Have Known."

Management of James B. Pond.

Saturday afternoon and evening March 30

Tickets 50 cents and \$1.00

Children under 12—half price.

on sale at Bollman Bros., 1100 Olive St.

MOST INTERESTING LECTURE OF MANY YEARS.

The traction shares received a good deal of attention in the past week. Brooklyn Rapid Transit shot up to 85, and Manhattan to 128½. The advances were, of course, principally due to manipulation and covering of short lines, but there can be no question that Manhattan is being accumulated by powerful interests and that the stock is on the road to 150. It has frequently been asserted in the MIRROR that Manhattan is the most promising traction stock on the list, and this assertion will be justified by the course of events. Compared with Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Manhattan is much too low. Metropolitan is not popular, and does not appear to be a tempting proposition at 168. While it pays 7 per cent per annum, the surplus above that rate is very small. However, according to gossip, Metropolitan has seen its lowest price for a long time to come.

St. Louis Southwestern, Denver & Rio Grande Western, New York, Chicago & St. Louis, Lake Erie & Western, Wabash and Minneapolis & St. Louis issues made new high records lately and displayed great activity at rising prices. If earning capacity is a criterion of value, Wabash preferred and common are too high at present prices and should be left alone. It seems that the

CENTURY

THIS WEEK,

Mr. Frank McKee presents

PETER F. DAILEY

and his big Co., in

Hodge, Podge & Co.

Regular Matinee

Saturday

Wednesday Matinee

25c and 50c

NEXT SUNDAY

HARRY LACEY

IN

The Still Alarm

Prices will be:

25c to \$1.00

and a popular price
Matinee Wednesday

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,

Charles Frohman

presents

Maude Adams

IN

L'Aiglon

only

Matinee Saturday

NEXT MONDAY

MR. E. S. WILLARD

in repertoire

Mon., Fri. eves and

Sat. matinee

"A Silent Woman"

and

"David Garrick"

Wed. and Sat. nights

"The Middleman"

Tues. and Wed. Mat.

The Professor's

Love Story

Thursday evening

"Tom Pinch"

MONEY TO LOAN

On Diamonds and Jewelry.

CENTRAL LOAN OFFICE,

204 N. FOURTH STREET

St. Louis Trust Co.

4th and
Locust Sts.

Capital, \$3,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

MOST MODERN SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES IN THE WEST.

Boxes for rent \$5.00 and upward.

RAILROAD STOCKS AND BONDS,

ALSO.....

FUTURES IN COTTON,
GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

GUY P. BILLON,

Formerly GAYLORD, BLESSING & CO.

Bought and sold for cash, or carried
on margin. We are connected by
SPECIAL LEASED WIRES with
the various exchanges.

307 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon,
stock and bond broker, 307 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	111 -113
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	111 -113
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	108 -104
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102 -103
" 3 1/2	J. J.	July 1, 1912	112 -113
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" 3 1/2	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" 3 1/2	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" 3 1/2	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" 3 1/2	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 3 1/2	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3 1/2	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104 -106
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104 -106
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 -102
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -105
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 -102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 -100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 -95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg	1928	100 -101
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	107 -108
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115 -115 1/2
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 -115
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117 -119
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	95 1/2 - 96
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 --
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	101 -101 1/2
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	84 -90
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 -95
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 -86

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '00, 8 SA	228 -230
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '00, 3 1/2 SA	196 -197
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1900 6 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	198 -199
Fourth National	100	Nov. '00, 5 p.c. SA	239 -245
Franklin	100	Dec. '00, 4 SA	165 -175
German Savings	100	Jan. 1900, 6 SA	290 -295
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1900, 20 SA	750 -800
International	100	Dec. 1900 1 1/2 qy	140 -145
Jefferson	100	Jan. 00, 3 p.c. SA	100 -110
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1900, 5 SA	400 -600
Mechanics	100	Jan. 1901, 2 qy	217 -225
Merch. Laclede	100	Dec. 1903, 1 1/2 qy	200 -205
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1900, 4 SA	130 -150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Jan. 1900, 2 1/2 qy	275 -276
South Side	100	Nov. 1900, 8 SA	125 -130
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk.	100	Oct. 1900, 8 SA	135 -137
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1900, 8 SA	90 -100
State National	100	Jan. 1900 1 1/2 qy	166 -168
Third National	100	Jan. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	191 -193

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	Dec. '00, S.A. 3	174 -176
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '00, 2 1/2 qy	336 -338
St. Louis	100	Oct. '00, 1 1/2 qy	284 -290
Union	100	Nov. '00, 1 1/2 qy	295 -300
Mercantile	100	Oct. '00 Mo 75c.	301 -303

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102 1/2 -103 1/2
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
Citizens' 20s 6s	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
Jefferson Ave.	Dec. '88	
10s 5s	M. & N. 2	1905 105 -107
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1911 107 -108
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 117 -118 1/2
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J.	1913 117 -118 1/2
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1896 105 -106
People's	Dec. '89 50c	
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & D.	1912 98 -103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N.	1902 98 -103
St. L. & R. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100 --
do 1st 6s	J. & J.	1925 103 -107
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 100 -101
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 100 -102
St. L. & Sub.		32 -95
do Con. 5s	F. & A.	1921 105 -105
do Cable & W.L. 6s	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 116 1/2 -116 1/2
do Incomes 5s		1914 93 1/2 - 95
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N.	1904 104 -106
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 106 -108
U. Gen. Mtg. 5s	F. & A.	1916 107 -108
U. D. 1st 10-20s 6s	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 122 -128
Mound City 10-20s 6s	J. & J.	1910 101 -103
United Ry's Pfd.	Jan. '00 1 1/2	78 1/2 - 79
" 4 p.c. 50s	J & J	90 1/2 - 91
St. Louis Transit		24 -24 1/2

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	Jan. 1900 4 SA	50 - 51

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. L'n Oil Com.	100		9 - 9
" Pfd.	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/2	36 - 86
Am. Car. Pfdry Co	100	Jan. 1900 1/2	26 - 27
" " Pfd	100	Jan. 1900 1 1/2 qy	79 - 80
Bell Telephone	100	July 1900 2 qy	140 -145
Bonne Terre P. C	100	May '96, 2	2 - 4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar. 1900, MO.	125 -131
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	9 - 11
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar. 1900, 1/2 MO	125 -135
Granite Bl.-Metal	100	May 1900, 1 qy	85 - 90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	50 - 55
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10.	103 -107
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1900 SA 3 1/2	100 -104
Laclede Gas, com	100	Feb. 1901 2 p. 3.	82 - 83
Laclede Gas, pfd	100	June '99 SA	99 -101
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		58 - 59
Mo. Edison com.	100		18 - 19 1/2
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '00 1 1/2 qy	100 -105
Schultz Belting	100	July 00, qy 1 1/2	180 - 90
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	167 -175
Simmons do pfd.	100	Sept. 1900, 3 1/2 SA	141 -145
Simmons do 2 pfd.	100	Sept. 1900	142 -150
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Oct. 1900 1 1/2 qy	14 - 15
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 4 p. c.	47 - 48 1/2
St. L. Brew. Com	100	Jan., '99 3 p. c.	63 - 64
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '94, 4	5 - 25
St. L. R. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '95, 2	2 - 4
St. L. Transfer Co	100	July 1900, 1 qy	64 - 69
Union Dairy	100	Aug., '00, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Wiggins Per. Co.	100	July '00, qy	220 -230
Westhaus Brake	50	Sept 1900, 7 1/2	182 -184

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on
Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST.,

ST. LOUIS.

G. H. WALKER & CO.,

310 N. Fourth St., New Stock Exchange Building.

BONDS, STOCKS, GRAIN, COTTON.

Members—New York Stock Exchange,
St. Louis Stock Exchange,
Chicago Board of Trade.Direct
Private
Wires.

DEALERS IN

High Grade Investment Securities.

JOHN F. BAUER.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

A. H. BAUER.

BAUER BROS.,
STOCK AND BOND BROKERS,

No. 312 N. Fourth Street, Stock Exchange Bldg.

Dealers in HIGH GRADE INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

buying is based, almost exclusively, on con-
solidation rumors.

Denver & Rio Grande and Rio Grande Western shares are being absorbed on reports of the intention of the Gould interests to bring about a complete unification of southwestern roads and a connection with the Pacific Coast and the Northwest, via Denver. Mr. Geo. Gould is now a large holder of Denver & Rio Grande shares, and that he has some far-reaching plans about his great system of railroads cannot be doubted. The Texas & Pacific will play a prominent part in the amalgamation, and for this reason, many shrewd traders strongly recommend purchases of the stock for a big rise. The Texas & Pacific 2nd income 5 per cent. bonds, which are now paying 4 per cent. per annum, and are mostly held in the Iron Mountain treasury, are quoted at almost 100; compared with them, the stock is too low at 33, or thereabouts. Intrinsically, it should be worth at least 50, especially in view of the great improvements made on the property in the last seven years. It is generally recognized that the Texas & Pacific has the finest road-bed and equipment of any road in the Lone Star State.

Lake Erie & Western preferred and common and Nickel Plate common are growing very scarce. There are people who predict 100 for Lake Erie & W. common, which is now quoted at 55. The preferred stock is entitled to 6 per cent. and the full dividend is now being earned, although stockholders

receive only 4 per cent. As soon as the full 6 per cent. is being paid on the preferred, the stock will sell at 150, and the common should move upward accordingly. Nickel Plate preferred, second preferred and common, also Big Four common, all Vanderbilt stocks, are deserving the attention of investors and will make a great record for themselves before the end of the current calendar year.

The best of all remedies, and for over sixty years, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 1840-1901.

TO WRITERS.

Literary work of every nature. Revision of MS. at trained hands—stories, verse, novels. Honest searching criticism. Editing of biographies and family memorials. Speeches written. Preparation of papers and articles for publication. Terms by agreement. Forward your MS. upon examination an estimate of fees will be submitted for approval.

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BOND LIST MAILED ON APPLICATION.

WE SHOW THE PEOPLE OF ST. LOUIS

The Goods that Tempt the Birds from the Bushes.

The Eighth Wonder of the World.

THE
Passion Play

Three times daily on our fifth floor,
10:30 a. m., 2:30 and 4 p. m.

Crawford's

Millinery.

Trimmed Hats—Our trimmed hats for this week will be the talk of the city for style and prices. For this week we shall place on sale a hat for you, trimmed with chiffon lace flowers and gilt effect, which is a regular \$7.50 hat and will be sold for.....\$4.98

Our trimmed hats—from \$6.00 up to \$15.00, which are exact duplicates of the imported ones, made in our own workrooms—best of material, and for style and prices are the lowest in the city.

Short Back Sailor—trimmed with silk and straw braid, assorted colors, worth \$1.25, for this week.....75c

Ready-to-Wear Turbans, made on wire frame and covered with straw cloth and quill, for.....\$1.75

Children's Trimmed Hats. We can show you the largest variety and styles in the city from.....\$3.48 down to 50c

Flowers—We are headquarters in this line as to variety and prices. You can be convinced by giving us a call. Geraniums and roses for this week.....29c



THE LARGEST Furniture Department

3d Floor.

IN THE WEST.

3d Floor.



Iron Beds—Best White Enamel, will not break, regular price \$4.00—as a joy maker; all this week.....\$1.98

Iron Bed Couches—The newest bed out—makes into a bed, sofa or couch—special price.....\$10.50

Couches covered in good wearing tapestry, buttoned and fringed, regular price \$5.00, all this week.....\$2.98

Bedroom Suits—A great line to select from in ash, golden oak or mahogany, from.....\$100.00 to \$15.00

Parlor Suits—Five pieces—sofa, divan, rocker, arm and two reception chairs—nice upholstery—regular price \$25.00—all this week.....\$17.50

Sideboards—Solid oak, beveled French plate mirrors, regular price \$15.00—all this week.....\$10.00

Odd Dressers—Solid golden oak, with beveled French Plate mirrors, finely polished, regular price \$12.50—all this week.....\$8.98

3rd FLOOR

Carpet Department.

3rd FLOOR.

To help solve the spring house-cleaning problem, we are on hand with a few bargains culled from the many to be found in this department.

Straw Matting.

100 Rolls, this season's shipment, of China Straw Matting—they were imported to sell for \$6.00 a roll—as long as they last (40 yards to the roll).....\$3.75

Genuine Antique Turkish Rugs.

About 25 very fine Antique Turkish Rugs, in the well-known rich colored designs of the Orient—will last several lifetimes—none are worth less than \$25.00 and some more—you can have your choice.....\$10.00

WE CLIP THE WINGS OF ALL COMPETITION.

Our Lace Department

Has no equal, has no rival, has no competitor. Shows the greatest choice of new goods in this city, and by far and away the cheapest.

150 different styles of White, Butter and Arabian Point Venice Galoon Bands to show you, from 1 to 10 inches, from the commonest to the finest goods made. Best variety in the city.

Special—1000 pieces Torchon and Medici Lace and Insertion to match, bought at our own price (sample pieces), your choice of lot at, yd.....5c

The handsomest line of Allovers ever imported. Nottingham, Plauen, or Point Venice, Renaissance applique, Oriental, Valenciennes, Persian, etc., from, yard, 39c to.....\$7.50

75 dozen Ladies' Real Renaissance Lace revere collars, importers' entire production, will go at, each.....50c

500 dozen Ladies' embroidered and point Venice lace band Collars, big table full at, each.....5c

5000 Remnants of Laces, Nets, Veilings, Chiffons, Allovers, etc. Must be sold; we need the room. Thrown on big table in the Main Aisle until sold.

SENSATIONAL SALE OF

SAMPLE SHOES.



We have again bought over 11,000 pairs of Sample Shoes from the well-known Shoe manufacturers, Union Shoe Company of Chillicothe, Ohio, Val Dattenhoffer & Sons and Maloney Bros., of Cincinnati, Ohio, at less than 50c on the dollar. As you well know, above manufacturers make nothing but very fine Shoes, such as retail for

\$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$5.00 a pair. To close these out quick we will divide them into four lots, 49c, 98c, \$1.48, \$1.98.

LOT NO. 1—Ladies' Vesting top, lace, hand-turn, kid back stays, silk top facing—all small sizes. Ladies' Hand-turn Oxfords, new coin and bulldog toes, medium, opera or common sense heels. In this lot you will find chocolate, brown and tan shoes—these are all small sizes and worth up to \$2.50 a pair—we will close them at.....49c

LOT NO. 2—At 98c we have Ladies' Black and Chocolate Brown Lace Shoes, hand-turn, made with kid and patent-leather tips, all kid or vesting tops. In this lot you will find ladies' low shoes of every description—patent leathers, chocolate brown, tan, black, lace and button. These being all SAMPLES, they are most any kind of shoe desired, and are worth up to \$3.00 a pair—they go for.....98c

LOT NO. 3—Ladies' Black, Chocolate Brown or Tan Shoes, lace or button, hand-turn, all kid or vesting tops, kid back stay and silk top facing. We have all sizes in these shoes, also low shoes of every description, hand-turn or hand sewed extended soles—as you know these being samples, are made of the very best material and workmanship, and worth up to \$4.00 a pair—choice for.....\$1.48

LOT NO. 4—Ladies' Patent Leather Three-quarter foxed lace Shoes, with light, medium or extended soles; also hand-turn lace and button vici and imperial kid, with kid or patent-leather tips. In this lot are shoes of every description—low shoes, all shapes, lasts, styles, toes and heels. If not in need of any shoes now it will pay you to buy these shoes for future use—not a pair worth less than \$4.00 and up to \$5.00—choice.....\$1.98

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